The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

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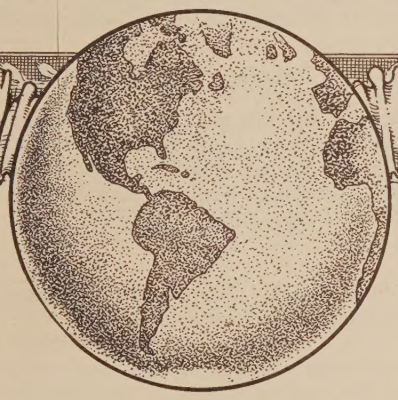

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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

Those who would make an artificial language are hopeless, for they have no literature and can not call one into being. They confuse, unconsciously it may be, the situation, and they squander their time in the attempt to puff the breath of life into an artificial language. They might as well try to make blood flow through an artificial limb. For between learning, say, Ido and Danish, this writer would prefer the latter task; it is easier. And Danish has something back of it; Ido doesn't even have anything in front of it. (*Allen Wilson Porterfield, in the Bookman.*)

υ λ

"Best People" Buy Stolen Whiskey.—Headline in *Baltimore Sun.* This headline is false. The "best people" do not buy bootleggers' whiskey or any other kind, for the best people are not law violators and criminals. Some people who vainly imagine that their supposed social and business standing ranks them among "the best people" buy the bootleggers' rotgut stuff, but all such are co-partners with the bootleggers and equally as criminal, for there would be no bootleggers if there were no buyers of their stuff. (*Manufacturers' Record.*)

υ λ

Mr. Colyer . . . is attempting to show, for example, how it is always "big business" that pulls the strings. In America, he says, big business "made up its mind" that "a teetotal working-class would be more docile and profitable to exploit than a working-class of topers, and so instructed its political creatures." What happened? "A prohibition amendment was rushed through in much less than fifty months, to the amazement of a bitterly hostile electorate." That will be news to Kansas. (*From a review of "America: A World Menace," by W. T. Colyer, in New Republic.*)

υ λ

The great need of the hour is a cessation of strife. All our boasted wealth, wonderful inventions and incalculable mechanical power will prove to be an unstable foundation if we continue to dwell together in strife—individual against individual, class against class, nation against nation. (*Kirby Page, in Christian Century.*)

υ λ

The situation in Europe is serious enough in all conscience. But it is not helped by wild talk. . . The cold fact is that there is at present in this country an enormous desire to help Europe to her feet and to see permanent friendly understandings extablished. The problem is how to go about it. (*Independent.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

LENTEN THOUGHTS: A GOD-GOVERNED PEOPLE

"We beseech Thee, Almighty God, mercifully to look upon Thy people; that by Thy great goodness they may be governed and preserved evermore, both in body and soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

MANY forms of government have been devised and tried by which to rule the people. When one ruled over all the others, this was monarchy; when a few ruled it was oligarchy; when the best ruled, it was aristocracy; when all the people ruled directly, or indirectly through representatives, it was democracy, and when God ruled, it was theocracy.

It would appear that of all the forms of government of a people mentioned above, the theocratic would be the very best. What could be finer than the rule of God, rather than of one man, or a few men, or the best men, or all the men of the nation? Is not God wiser, stronger, and better than men, and therefore able to rule His people best? Theocracy therefore must be the best form of government.

Well, certainly not the old theocracy. This stood for the rule of God by and through a King. The King was God's anointed; his office divine, his person sacred, his power absolute, his wisdom inspired, his *dicta* infallible, and his edicts authoritative. This is an Oriental conception. It began early; it continued long; it was brought into the Western World centuries ago; it survived until the Kaiser took his hurried departure from Germany to Holland. This form of theocracy did not work, and will not work. Another form of the old theocracy was the rule of God over modern peoples through the laws and institutions of Israel, the inspired record of which we have in the Bible. This was the rule of God by and through the ministers and church officers who interpreted these laws and insisted upon their being carried out by the civil officers of the state. The Catholics and the Protestants, each in their own way, have tried this form of theocratic government. And it too has failed, though there are frequent recrudescent attempts at trying it again, and this too in our own day.

If the old theocracy won't do, is it possible that a new theocracy will make for a better government of the people? This Lenten collect expresses the desire of religious folk to be governed by God. Is this a proper prayer to offer? Do we want God to govern us? Do we mean the old or a new theocracy? Is it a good thing to have a God-ruled people?

There are two regions where the rule of God is very successful. The one is the natural world, where everything, from electron to star, and from the amoeba to the cattle on a thousand hills, lives and moves in accordance with His Will, and where stability, order and progress are found together. And the other region is heaven. There His Will is done perfectly and gladly, and souls come to their perfection in this obedience, find freedom in and through the Will of God, and have full satisfaction of life. In the natural order and in the eternal spiritual order, the rule of God is the perfect form of government.

The other region where the rule of God needs to be tried is the earth. Here is the place to establish the new theocracy. This means that the rule of God must be set up in each and every soul, and not in some king or ruler alone. Every soul is to be a God-ruled soul. The thought of the mind of God is to control our minds; the love in the heart of God is to rule our hearts; the moral distinctions the conscience of God makes must determine our judgments; the purpose of the will of God must secure the dedication and co-operation of our wills.

In like manner, God is to rule in our human relations. This means the rule of the Heavenly Father in the lives of all His children. This means to recognize the sovereignty of Fatherhood, and the solidarity of children of God in one great family. The rule of God therefore means that all His children recognize their divine kinship and their human obligations. In a family all the members live by the laws of love, sympathy, and helpfulness. As one member suffers, all suffer; as one member goes wrong, all feel the shame;

as one does the right, all take pride in the deed; all work together for the good of all. The rule of God in the family of nations requires the same, and if recognized and realized would make of all the peoples the people of God.

Moreover, the rule of God makes for the preservation of His people. It is constructive in its purpose, not destructive. A God-ruled people, therefore, cherishes such purposes, and devises such policies, and creates such agencies, as make for the security, integrity and continuance of its own life, and it is equally concerned for the preservation of the other peoples as members in the family of God. It is irreligious and inhumane to seek to destroy another people or race. It is a sin against God and a crime against humanity to think that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, and the only good Russian is a dead Russian, the only good German is a dead German, the only good Turk is a dead Turk. We must pray that all nations be governed and be preserved by God.

This new rule of God is through His Goodness. It is not the rule of force, wrath, compulsion, but the rule of goodness. It is the sovereignty of Love to which we appeal in prayer. Our confidence in the rule of Love must be greater than it is in respect to God's government of the world and in our relations with individuals and nations. We have tried force, compulsion, punishment, wrath, and they have failed. Let us try, under the reign of the Sovereignty of the Divine Love, the rule of persuasion, forgiveness, love.

D. E.

* *

THE PERIL OF DEMOCRACY

UNIVERSALISTS are of necessity democrats. A Universalist Church could not possibly exist in absolutist Russia or autocratic Prussia. A member of the Italian Fascisti could not be a member of the Universalist Church without a contradiction of terms. Not all democrats are Universalists, more's the pity, but every Universalist is a democrat.

To us, therefore, one aspect of the present European crisis is profoundly disquieting. The most powerful and aggressive parliamentary group in France is made up of avowed and unavowed monarchists. They, even more than the Creusot Steel group, are insistent on the utmost aggression in the Ruhr and elsewhere. More than one warning has been given the French government, that not only were they provoking possible war but were quite likely to cause the overthrow of the German Republic as well. In spite of such warnings, *perhaps because of them*, the aggression has continued. A world, like a nation, can not exist half slave and half free. A re-established military monarchy in Germany would lead to the most formidable attempt in our time to restore empire or monarchy in France. What would that mean to the newly established democracies like Czecko-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia and Lithuania? The war destroyed ten million young men, most of them progressive and liberal. By so much it threw all the machinery of government back into the hands of the older men who were the makers of the war, and who so far give no indication of repentance.

In every land, but nowhere more than in France, are powerful groups and classes intent on restoring things as they were before the war. If they succeed then the youth of the world died in vain, and as Universalists our world task is not even begun, and we may even find ourselves suppressed, because nations not themselves free will have no place for a free Church.

* *

"DECENT RESPECT FOR THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND"

SOMETIMES nations determine their policies and have recourse to methods and actions without taking into consideration the moral judgment of other nations. We have felt for some time that France was acting in this way. However much we sympathized with her once when she was the object of an unprovoked attack by Germany, and however much appreciated her heroic defense, yet her conduct since the war, and especially lately, has made us feel that she herself was infected with the virus of militarism, and that she showed not the slightest token of respect or pity for a fallen foe and dispossessed enemy. Her fear of danger has made her the gravest danger to the peace of the world and to the very structure of European civilization.

While the greater part of the nation is still obsessed with fear and blinded by hate, and determined to crush Germany, and if possible to annex much of the Rhineland, irrespective of right, law and the judgments of the Allies, there are some men of sense and conscience who are now anxious that whatever they do should meet with the approval of England and America. Thus Philip Millet is quoted as saying in *Europe Nouvelle:*

> "The Franco-Belgian program should be acceptable to international opinion. What we risk is that tomorrow, having acquired a realization of our force, we shall make the mistake of believing we can do without the approval of other nations, notably England and America. Such a mistake would cost dearly, not only from the financial point of view, but politically, even though we erect a Chinese wall around the Ruhr and Rhineland."

This is the most encouraging sign of return to sanity upon the part of France that we have seen. There are Frenchmen who are beginning to feel the pressure of moral public opinion of other nations. There is no doubt whatever about the moral opinion of England. All her great journals and most of her outstanding daily papers have condemned the invasion of the Ruhr, and the Labor Party has spoken in no uncertain terms, in Parliament and before the country, its judgment on France. In our country there is more uncertainty. Political considerations and complications have confused multitudes. Nevertheless the feeling is growing stronger every day that France is doing a dangerous, if not dastardly thing.

This is the time to make France realize that the moral opinion of our country does not approve her course. The Churches have no axes to grind, no political capital to make, no party to strengthen for the next election. The Churches are free, and they have the task to create the opinion which will weaken the militaristic forces in France and strengthen those

forces which now are beginning to feel the moral necessity for the approval of disinterested nations. It is time for the Churches to speak out. Why should they wait until the Administration or the President or some Senator speaks? The moral leadership in England has passed to the Labor Party. Shall our Churches lose their moral leadership in this great crisis?

D. E.

* *

JOINING THE CHURCH

WHICH did you join, a church or the Church? The following words from one of our finest ministers are not less significant because they were taken from a personal letter. It is probably true that the writer himself would not have put it that way ten or fifteen years ago. We hope and believe he expresses not only a change in himself but the growing and deepening spirit of our entire Church.

> "From now on, as far as I'm concerned, if a man or woman is not prepared to confess primary allegiance to the Church, they can remain what most of them are—'adherents.'
>
> "I want members, conscious of an organic unity, as of the branches with the vine. I want federalists and not confederationists. The nation ranks higher than the state, and the Church Universal than the Universalist Church.
>
> "From now on I want to have a hand in getting men to join the Church and not a church. If they become conscious of the Church, there will be no problem in a church."

* *

AN ERROR IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION

ONE of the cleverest of Kipling's stories deals with a young American millionaire who could not understand that intangible actuality in which the older aristocracy of England lived and moved and had its being. It was intentionally a satire on the social ignorance and cultural crudity of the newest America as seen by one who had inherited or at least observed the enrichment of life by what our tax authorities call "intangibles."

If Kipling had been great instead of merely clever he would have seen a more serious and tragic error than this into which most Americans have fallen. We have been and still are materialists. To how many of those who read these lines has Bergson's statement that "the soul is in the fourth dimension" any real meaning? Who would follow an American Gandhi if America were fortunate enough to have one? Who is willing to part with his heritage of things when they stand in the way of his own soul?

Some years ago Stanton Coit published a book entitled "The Soul of America." A flippant critic remarked that the principal trouble with it was its assumption of a thing that did not exist. Yet unless it does exist, and unless we make it the great and growing reality, America is doomed and damned as surely as Rome or Babylon.

And what is true for society is equally true for the individual. Those who tell you that the essential of salvation is belief in Christ are blind leaders of the blind. The "one thing needful" is to believe in your own soul. If that living faith be in you it will move and remove all mountains.

SELF-DENIAL

ALREADY the anticipation of Easter is upon us. We do right to long and aspire to have the miracle of the resurrection repeated in us. But remember, we shall take nothing from Easter unless we bring something to it. Had there been no Calvary there would have been no Resurrection. They were bound indissolubly by the laws of the spiritual life. It is as true for you as for Jesus that you must die to live again, and this is not simply a great event in your spiritual biography, it is the process of your spiritual life.

If you really mean to live your life as Jesus lived his, you must not simply practise generosity but must learn to walk in the harder way of self-denial. Self-indulgence is the commonest and deadliest sin of the well-to-do. An income large enough to permit large gifts to the church and charity lures almost unconsciously to a growing self-gratification.

Most of us have learned enough about our bodies to practise all needed abstinence to escape grossness of flesh. Look in your Lenten mirror and see if you behold a reflection of spiritual grossness. Do not seek or expect an Easter in your soul unless Lent has taught you to deny yourself and take up your cross.

* *

A SIGNIFICANT STATEMENT

AS veterans of the World War and members of a Post of the American Legion, we are not satisfied to waive the responsibilities which we apparently put aside with our uniforms. When we recall the sacrifices which some of our comrades made, we feel obligated to state our vital concern in the problems of the peace which, we were told, was to end all war! Such a peace has not yet been created."

This is the opening paragraph of a statement entitled "The Ruhr Occupation and Europe's Crisis," put forth by the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion. Those who have been troubled by the noise of some of those who have assumed to speak for our soldiers in the World War will find here reassuring proof that there is something deeper and incomparably finer than some of the utterances of officials elected by an organization that has not yet had time to become organic.

Multitudes of our boys went over seas, not because they had ideals, but because they were idealists. To many war and peace alike brought tragic disillusion, but neither could change their natures or destroy their loyalty to their dead comrades. It is to these that we must look for the builders of that newer America that will help build a new world. Those who knew and loved Willard Straight and mourned his untimely death will feel that his soul is marching on in this group that has taken his name.

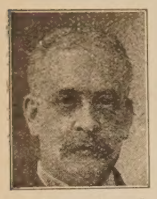
* *

There is an essential in life, which only the Christian Church has. People fail to get it because ministers fail to give it, so busy are they with other things.

* *

There are people who do not know the difference between the jog of conscience and the fear of being found out, when it comes to restraint of evil.

Front Porch Studies



I WILL give several thousand kreutzers as a reward to any one who will tell me where I have been, how I got there, and how I got back!

I had not been very "pert" on the voyage down, and my one desire when I struck my front porch in Miami was to get a bath and get into bed, to stay as long as I wanted to. I reached the bed and knew no more until several days later, when I opened my eyes and discovered a doctor and two nurses laboring furiously to keep me alive.

After asking them what was the use of going to all that trouble, they told me that I had been away. My body was all there and they had been working with it night and day to bring me back into it, and now the question is—Where was I? Lots of people have been in the state of coma, but no one has been able to locate it and bound the state, and I was up against it.

To all practical purposes I was dead, absolutely without thought or feeling. I was sure enough gone, but where? It was seemingly a case of death and resurrection. Only it wrecks a notion, of which I have always felt confident, of consciousness after death. But I was not dead. I was only on the borderland and could not know what was on the other side, any more than the other ministers who talk wisely of what is to be.

But this I know, at least it seems to me the good Lord must have something worth while for me to do, else He would not have called me back!

Then came another problem. Here I was flat on my back, some of the time in the hospital, sometimes in a room improvised as a hospital ward, with more or less internal poison working in my system and incapacitating members and mind. But there are a good many doors and windows to life, and I soon discovered that, if I could not get out, many others could get in, and it was revealed to me that this is a wonderfully good world with good people in it and a good God over it, and my incapacity was another's opportunity.

There came from most unexpected sources little and big tributes to cheer what would else be lonely hours. Of course there were personal and church friends who sent fruits and flowers in abundance, but what surprised me were the offerings which came from those whom I did not know. From the big and beautiful Charles Deering estate, with which I had only a vicarious bowing acquaintance, there came massive bunches of roses; from the Evergreen Gardens something to gladden the eyes of a New Englander, a little pot in which was growing and blossoming a miniature lily of the valley; and from a private school near by such constant and wonderful floral offerings!

Brother ministers sent cordial greetings, and the Lord, not to be outdone, sent two brand new babies to the same hospital, one arriving the same day that I did and the other two days later. And these I first envied, for with my other afflictions I had totally lost my voice and could not speak above a whisper, and these new arrivals brought their voices with them, and on their daily visits to my room they challenged me to lift up my voice!

And after two months I was able to do it in a harsh if not melodious tone. My voice came back, after a fashion, but with the coming the insidious poison seemed to permeate my whole system, so I was more helpless than ever, and then came up the big question—What about the church, the movement we had started?

I could not preach and could not write. What was to become of the splendid effort our people had made? Then I recalled the words of a wise man in my old parish in Philadelphia. He was an old man and I was still young. He patted me on the back and said, "Brother Bisbee, you have done some good work here, but the best thing you ever did for this church was when you went to the hospital for three months and put us on our own responsibility and we found out what we could do."

So perhaps it may turn out the same way here. Under our new and more efficient organization as a working church, the second week found our Southern Superintendent, Dr. F. B. Bishop, on the spot, preaching a soul-stirring sermon to the loyal people and then meeting with the officers of the local church and completing arrangements whereby Dr. John S. Cook of Illinois was to slip into the breach, and right well has he served. With some masterful messages, and advertising, and some music which only a musical genius could command, the people came, and the great theater where our services have been held has been well filled, to which must be added the greater congregation of the kindly newspapers.

So the Universalist Church has made its mark in the great city of the South, even if I had to lie here in bed and have little hand in it. I realize with keen pleasure that I have many faithful friends here, but I realize too that the weakest church is the one with only a personal following. The strongest church is one built on conviction and the desire to serve, and is organized for efficiency.

Christmas came way down here in south Florida, although it seemed to contradict the seasons, for here were flowers and the most brilliant foliage just bursting into glory, and all sorts of strange and delicate fruits, where we were used to freezing weather and the whole world blanched with snow. "Merry Christmas" seemed tame and unreal, and it takes considerable time to adjust oneself.

Miami is twenty-five years old and is only just beginning to feel the stimulus of the Christmas holidays, but the thousands from the North are instilling the spirit of the season into the hearts of old and young, though there must be so much of adjustment. You can not make a Christmas tree out of a cocoanut palm or a cabbage palmetto. But we did the best we could.

We printed a label and hung it on our hospital table, "This is a Christmas tree." We got some sprays of long-leaf pine and pinned them in the windows. We found a slender little Australian pine and set it up on the table. We went into our own yard and cut twenty or thirty dollars worth of poinsettias, figured

at Boston prices, and made glad my sick room, and along the foot of the bed we hung our stockings. Then came the postman bringing Christmas cards and letters, bringing good cheer from all the country, from individuals and groups and circles. At night the Christmas carolers, two groups of them, both male quartettes, making glad the shut-ins of the summer city, came to sing the Christmas songs outside my window. I did not know there were so many people in the world, certainly not those who cared for me, but here is the evidence, and it was a merry Christmas for us all beneath the palms.

After all these good things I should be well and on my feet again; but the best I can say is that I am getting there—and what are a few months in my young life! Here stretch away before me eons of living, each with the friendships which have passed and the friendships which are coming, filled with memories of something attempted, something done.

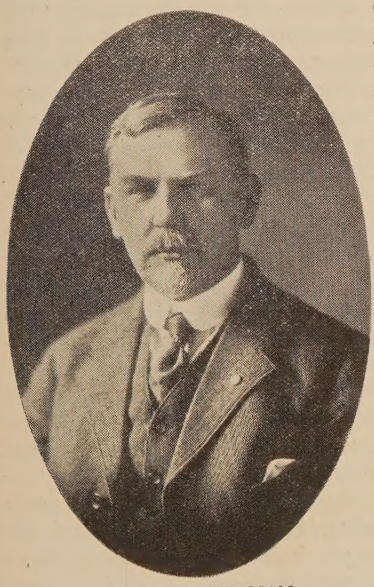
We have established here a great broadcasting station of Universalism. On a Sunday morning there were representatives from over thirty states, and seldom is there a Sunday on which we have less. The newspapers carry our message to at least 20,000 more, so it looks as though it were worth while.

F. A. B.

Fifteen Years of the Ford Hall Forum

Dorothy Hall

IT is growing more and more inconvenient to hate our fellow men. Up to within a short time it was possible for almost all men to stay away from those they disliked, associate only with their own kind, pick their friends among those who were nearest like themselves, and dislike and despise all those specimens of humanity who differed from them in color, creed or custom. If they became particularly irritated by viewpoints contrary to their own they could organize a crusade or an offensive war and slay those who disagreed with them. Nowadays this form of relief can not be resorted to with the same exuberant spontaneity. Nor can we, particularly we in America, isolate ourselves strictly among our own kind. We are beset on all sides by each other, and every one of us has some difference of racial background, tradition, and belief. Jews and Scotch Presbyterians must do business with each other, Puritans and Socialists live on the same street and Negroes and Irish Catholics resort to the same courts. We can not avoid such contacts. In spite of ourselves we must become good mixers, and prejudice is a two-edged weapon, uncomfortable to manipulate in a crowd.



GEORGE W. COLEMAN

Transit facilities, the development of trade and effective means of communication have even brought us so near together that we live side by side with all the world, a world prostrate and undone, in bitter need of the united effort of mankind. The crisis is undeniable. We can not save ourselves alone. We must perish all together or push onward all together, and, much as we dislike some of these, our fellow men, our instinct for self-preservation is strong enough so that we would choose to live with them rather than to die with them. And so, choosing to live with them, we must work with them and struggle and suffer with them. How fearful a task if we hate them too!

Comfortable, not to say effective, co-operation is impossible among people who do not understand each other. How can we discover and comprehend the faiths and beliefs of these other human beings with whom we must join forces? The most that we find out about each other is through the press, which is in the hands of various factions who hurl propaganda at the general public and call it news. In questions of the most vital importance to human welfare one side is exaggerated out of all proportion and the other side has no opportunity to present its case. The capitalist press maligns labor, the labor journals lie about the business men, and the average citizen has no way of checking up on either side. What we need is not more fuel for our prejudices, but a fair presentation of the other man's point of view and a chance to meet, with questions and discussion. Such an opportunity the open forum offers, "a common meeting-ground where earnest and honest men and women of every mode of thought, of every class and station, may come together regularly to discuss in democratic fashion, with experts as leaders, the great issues of personal life and the big problems of our common life." It is not long before every member of a forum audience has a pretty fair idea of what the other fellow is thinking and how his mind works and why it works the way it does. Misunderstanding vanishes like the mist. To have followed the growth of Ford Hall is to have watched a great light breaking.

The Ford Hall Open Forum was established fifteen years ago by the Baptist Social Union at the instigation of George Coleman. Interested by a meeting he had attended at Cooper Union, Mr. Coleman persuaded the Baptist Social Union to grant him a portion of the funds of the bequest of Daniel Sharp Ford in order to institute a series of similar meetings. This Open Forum was to stand for "the complete development of democracy in America," to be a "common meeting ground for all the people in the interest of truth and mutual understanding," and to provide an opportunity for "the fullest and freest public open discussion of all vital questions affecting human welfare." Like all new ideas it was mistrusted. Those outside the

Church, urged to attend and welcomed by the extensive advertising which announced those first meetings, were suspicious of anything sponsored by the institution which they scorned and perhaps hated. Many of the people in the Church looked with fastidious disapproval on Sunday meetings which did not favor them, but welcomed anybody and everybody without reference to creed. All that first season, and in the years immediately following, criticism was rife. Scare headlines as to the subjects and speakers at Ford Hall shocked the conservative. Radicals were slow to be convinced that they were not being tricked by a bit of pious hypocrisy. Only 150 attended the first meeting, but to the following more people came, and then they came again. The spirit of tolerance and fair play which pervaded the place became famous. Speakers who had once stood before that keen and eager audience found the contact stimulating and went away to spread the fame of this vigorous manifestation of the intelligence of one collection of Americans. People who had condemned because their particular opinions were not expressed, were eventually surprised by having some of their views on something presented from the platform, as was inevitable from the wide range of subjects and speakers. The only questions not discussed were partisan questions of politics and sectarian religious questions. But religion and the church, race problems, democracy, socialism, ethics, social institutions, education, labor problems, feminism, single tax, business, war—all these have been discussed from various points of view by the 244 different speakers who have spoken at Ford Hall in the past fifteen years. Fourteen per cent of these speakers have been women, twenty-eight per cent ministers, priests or rabbis. The remainder have been doctors, professors, business men, lawyers, judges, poets, social workers, publicists, representatives of labor, journalists and authors. All these men and women of diverse opinions have had an opportunity to give their version of the truth and then have met the barrage of searching questions from the floor.

A census based on the return of 674 blanks turned in by members of the audience gives a clue to the essential democracy of Ford Hall. Twenty-five per cent are under thirty years of age, thirty-one per cent over fifty. Only one-third are foreign born, but sixty-one per cent are of foreign parentage. These people represent 134 different occupations and thirty-seven varieties of religious faith, fifty-eight per cent being Protestant, twenty-two per cent Jewish and six per cent Catholics, two per cent calling themselves agnostics or atheists. This is interesting in view of the fact that the conservative are inclined to suspect the Ford Hall audience of being composed almost entirely of unbelievers and heretics. This audience averages over a thousand every Sunday night throughout the season, and so eager are they for the meetings that scores stand in line long before seven o'clock, waiting for the doors to open. Their intellectual alertness is testified by the vehement, pointed questions with which they assail the speaker of the evening at the close of his address.

Perhaps the most notable aspect of the Ford Hall Forum is the technique with which these questions are handled. It has been said of George Coleman that "he has created a new profession, the art of being a perfect chairman," and indeed, his expert control of that variegated gathering of more or less intense and excited people is a beautiful thing to watch. Section by section, all over the great hall, he recognizes the questioners. Because he is interested in every member of the audience and believes in their sincere desire to get at the truth, he meets the most clumsy attempt at a question with attention and encouragement. Many of them are inarticulate, struggling with a scant knowledge of the English language, and embarrassed or defiant into the bargain. But Mr. Coleman is always patient, sympathetic, reassuring. It would be so simple to cut them off, to skip over those known from past experience to be difficult, to let the most unpromising make themselves ridiculous. But that is not the Ford Hall spirit, nor George Coleman's. He bends all the ardor of his keen brain toward the understanding of these fellow seekers after truth. He plunges with unerring instinct at the kernel of meaning in the welter of broken English, and reinterprets the question to the speaker and the audience in succinct and clear and forceful language. So admirable is his dexterity that, at the anniversary meeting, the crowded hall burst into spontaneous applause at his rendering of a particularly involved question.

It is impossible to place too much emphasis on the value of such a man to such an enterprise as the Ford Hall Forum. Only a man of his vigorous personality could exert so strong an influence over a very difficult audience and hold their confidence. Only a man of his splendid enthusiasm for a cause could give the generous devotion which has meant the success of Ford Hall, and inspired the growth of hundreds of other forums throughout the country. And sympathy as broad and intelligence as keen as his were a necessity in reconciling the antagonistic factions which had to be brought together to work for a common end. The esteem in which he is held and the value placed upon his work by widely different groups throughout the country were testified at the anniversary banquet, where he was greeted jocularly as "King George, the absolute monarch of the only pure democracy in the world."

At this banquet more than 600 devotees and supporters of Ford Hall were gathered to rejoice at its success. They came not only from Boston but from far away, and the occasion even meant so much to one woman that she came all the way from San Francisco to be there. At the guest table were ranged those men and women of widely different views who had joined in building up this common enterprise and had lent themselves to its development. A Jewish rabbi spoke, a Catholic member of the city government, a labor leader, a corn doctor, a clergyman, a business man, the lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, all expressing their appreciation of Ford Hall and its well-loved chairman. One said, "There is no finer educational institution anywhere than Ford Hall." Another, "Ford Hall has demonstrated the practicability of internationalism." And another, "There was a time when Ford Hall was an experiment. It is the visitors and critics who are on trial now."

On the program were printed more messages of congratulation, approval and encouragement from friends of Ford Hall who were unable to be present in person, from Cardinal O'Connell and from Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, from James McKibben, secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and from James Duncan, president of the Granite Cutters' International Association of America, from Everett Dean Martin, director of Cooper Union Forum, one of the most radical in the country, and from the Right Rev. William Lawrence, Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, from W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, leader of the radical element among the American negroes, from Lucia Ames Mead, and from Margaret Slattery. The united praise of these men and women, representative of such dissimilar movements throughout the country, offers the highest testimony to the tremendous worth of the open forum, a worth so obvious to all the opposing factions in this bitter, quarrelsome world that it can serve as their one enthusiastic point of agreement. Ford Hall Forum has proved to be one sure way to mutual understanding and good will.

"Here in America," Professor Steiner told the Ford Hall audience at the anniversary meeting, "here where the earth still smells sweet, while Europe's soil is a graveyard, we are building a new race from many elements, and that race is the hope of the world." The physical blending of many stocks into one people is inevitable, but the great danger is that we shall not integrate the race spiritually. We are called upon to fulfil a high destiny, to bring strength and courage to a desolate world, and our crucial need is faith—faith in the ultimate good purpose of the universe, so that we may be sure when the path leads downward that it is only the descent into a valley below a still loftier summit; faith in those who stumble on beside us, whose way is forward even as our own. Then we may ascend together to great heights, hitherto unreached by humanity, and build there that Kingdom of Brotherhood of which all the dreamers have dreamed and all the prophets foretold.

Cruising Around a Changing World

VI It Is Changing

John van Schaick, Jr.

ATTEMPTING to pick out a title for this series of articles, we made out a list of about fifty, ringing the changes on "big world," "the globe," "around the globe," "visiting our kinsfolk," "all nations" and "all brothers." Not until we struck "Cruising Around a Changing World" did I feel satisfied. Now consider how already the choice is vindicated. Since we left New York sixteen days ago, we have had wireless bulletins almost daily—printed and placed on the breakfast or lunch tables.

Under the date of Feb. 4, we got this dispatch: "An earthquake of unusual magnitude was recorded today on the seismograph of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., described as of tremendous proportions and believed to have occurred in Japan or China."

The "wireless press" has been silent since on earthquakes Nor has it mentioned any results of earthquakes under this great Pacific over which we are sailing. But I happened to be in Mr. Clark's office on the fifth, when the captain of the ship entered and said abruptly, "What are you going to do about Hilo?" Hilo is a port on the island of Hawaii from which one starts to visit the active volcano of Kilauea. "Seven tidal waves in Hilo," he went on, "one after the other. Damage to the extent of $1,500,000."

Hilo and a visit to the volcano are on our itinerary. This explains the captain's next question, "What will we do about it?"

"Why, go on," said Mr. Clark. "If the docks are destroyed we can set the people ashore in lighters."

"Lighters be damned," roared the captain. "Lighters or no lighters, I *won't* be caught in Hilo with tidal waves around."

"The tidal waves will all be over by the time we get there," laughed Mr. Clark. "They are not apt to come more than once."

"Once is enough," said the captain, half jokingly, half seriously. "To go to hell once is enough for anybody."

So we don't know yet what we will do about Hilo.

The fundamental fact about this physical world of ours is that it is changing. While I was writing the words, "The Pacific is the most unchanging geographical unit on our planet," down deep underneath the bed of the ocean was shaking and rocking from explosions or slides or contractions or what not in great depths below the depths of the ocean bed. And every Red Cross man knows the formidable list of disasters every year from the operation of terrific physical forces always at work on earth. To subdue them or control them or co-operate with them, or at least get our fellow men out of the path of their destructive energy, is one of the fascinating and inspiring problems before the race.

On Monday, Feb. 5, the "Wireless News" had this dispatch about another city on our route: "Canton, China: All business houses here are closed and barricaded. The conditions were described as critical when four thousand troops under General Tsung Chi marched on the city to regain the southern capital for Sun Yat Sen." That is all, but it makes a lot of nice old ladies willing to dispose of their "Canton Overnight Extension" tickets at half price. Others are afraid it will all be over before we arrive.

Perhaps an enterprising tour manager can arrange for an armistice for us so that we can visit "this most Chinese of all Chinese cities," as planned. And as we are Americans, it would seem quite proper to us for the Chinese to stop their war and let us review the contending armies and have our chop suey with the generals.

But the dispatch is simply one more indication of a rapidly changing world—a world which in the Far East is in for changes colossal and amazing. Can we as a nation help direct them to noble ends? Tues-

day, the sixth, this headed the "General News:" "San Francisco: A Central News dispatch from Cairo says the Egyptian premier has resigned." We are due in Cairo a little later.

Why has he resigned? Has a stupid vainglorious king forced him to it? Or has an excited populace brought it about? Or is there a serious break with the British? Or has Islam done it?

Perhaps the dispatch is unimportant, but "changing Egypt" is part of a changing world.

About India we know only a little, but we know that it is not altogether easy for travelers to get passports *vised* for India unless they can be kept under rather careful surveillance.

Some of our people are going to Greece. The wireless quotes Haskell, Red Cross Commissioner, as saying: "Greece presents one of the most tremendous refugee problems the world has ever known. Refugees exceed normal population in many cities." Another line or two says that the Ionia got to the Piraeus (Athens) from Asia Minor with 5,500 refugees on board. The Ionia may be half as big as our ship. We seem full up with seven hundred and thirty. "There were twenty-two deaths from small-pox and typhus during the voyage" the wireless tells us.

There is homesickness on a cruise like this. There is complaint of putting three or four people in staterooms built for four, advertised for four, sold for four. But we are not exiles. We have not left Kansas and Ohio and Massachusetts and Washington knowing that we will never, never in this world sees our homes again. We know where we are landing, and great lines of touring cars stand waiting on the docks.

These people land in a country which wants to be good to them but is simply distracted to know where to put them and what to do with them, and where only the mercy of God revealed in Red Cross and Near East Relief keeps them from being engulfed in a maelstrom of plague and famine. We all have our own places and our warm blankets, however inferior they may be to room and bath at home. But these refugees on the Ionia, I know without telling, were packed in so thick that with difficulty they had space to lie down.

Meager messages like these and like others from Lausanne tell us of the great changes in Turkey and Greece which must leave ineradicable marks on the people for generations.

And of course we get hints of the chaos in the Ruhr and Saar Valleys, but I had better not start on that.

It would be a stupid old world if it did not change. These Bryan people have absolutely no conception of the beauty, the glory, the religious significance, of evolution. It is a changing world. We are a part of it. We are the forces which help on some of the changes. It is all in our hands whether the changes will be good or bad.

Occasionally there come the waves of energy which spell out words describing significant changes like this, glorious even if garbled: "Schenectady: The Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research announces the discovery and isolation of the influenza germ, permitting antidotes for the prevention and cure of the germ which lodges in the nose and throat and then attacks the lungs. Dr. Simon Walexner (who out of the radio is unquestionably Flexner) attributes the discovery to Dr. Peter Olitsky and Dr. Frederick T. Gates"—whose correct names if necessary our office staff must supply.

That kind of toiler at work in countless fields, generally in obscurity but for the common welfare, makes the leaven which will leaven the whole lump of "a changing world."

Off San Diego, California, Feb. 7, 1923.

Letters from Paris

Eleanor Bissell

My dear F—

Well, here I am in Paris and have been really settled down to live, for two months and more. I was here off and on earlier, but seem to have the feeling that I have really only been here since the first of November, when I started my French lessons and other definite activities.

I am dead in love with Paris, but beginning to feel that I must be on the move. It does seem ridiculous, does it not, when you are doing something you have wanted to do all your life and having a perfectly grand time doing it, that some "urge" should rise up within you to tell you to go elsewhere and do something else. It has been quite absurd lately, for a half-dozen of us middle-aged, independent women—all of us longing to stay in Paris—have been bemoaning our various fates which are driving us to visit the Riviera, or Algeria, or Morocco, or Sicily, or Egypt, or some other fascinating place which many of our friends, comfortably ensconced by their firesides at home, think they would give ten years of their lives to see!

As far as I can make out, most of us are leaving because we do not dare go home and tell our friends that we never got beyond Paris; and then, we *do* want to *have* gone. I said, before starting on this trip, that the reason I wanted to travel was to *have* traveled! I have just heard that some other smart person said that long ago. But my advice to everybody can be summed up in five words—"Travel while you are young!"

It is astonishing how Paris charms and holds us all. I wonder just what it is. A combination, I suppose, of many things; but it is pleasure enough for days just to wander through the streets without any definite plan of action. One is always finding something new and interesting. Of course, there is in the first place just the sheer beauty of it all. One would not believe that such uniformity of architecture would be as attractive as it is. Of course Monsieur Mansart, who lived around the beginning of the seventeenth century, is responsible for much of the regularity of the architecture; and whether one cares for his style or not, it is certainly effective in a city of

continuous blocks. I think one would not like it so well in separate buildings.

There is something magical about the effects of the sunlight on the pink-gray-tan of the walls on all the buildings. Especially in the late afternoon there is a peculiar luminous mellow quality in the sunlight of France that is indescribable, but rarely lovely. We used to notice it so much in motoring last fall, arriving as we usually did at each place towards the end of the day.

But we were speaking of our architecture. Place Vendome is a particularly good example of the style of Mansart. It never fails to interest me, although I cross it, at the risk of my life, every day. The old buildings have now become the homes of high-class couturieres, modistes and art dealers, of banks, and two of Paris' finest hotels. The Hotel du Rhin occupies the building that was built in 1603 by Cesar, Duc de Vendome—the son of Henri IV and Gabrielle d'Estrees—for whom the Place is named.

Then, you see, so many parts of Paris have been laid out deliberately from time to time; it has not just grown. The French have always loved to beautify their city; and their monarchs were great builders long before Napoleon, greatest of them all. And so we have the Louvre, the Palais-Royal, the Luxembourg and the Tuileries Gardens; the Place de la Concorde and the Champs-Elysees; the Sainte-Chapelle and the Pantheon, the Sorbonne, and scores of other famous buildings planned by St. Louis or Richelieu, Francois I, or Louis XIV, or Catherine de Medicis, or Marie de Medicis, or Napoleon Bonaparte. Somehow one gets more thrills, for instance, from a beautiful alley of trees planned by Marie de Medicis than if they had been planted by a Board of Park Commissioners, however worthy. And an art gallery like the Louvre, for so many years a Royal Palace and where so many wonderful and terrible events have taken place, with its magnificently adorned rooms and galleries, is much more alluring than the most approved of modern art galleries in the States, with walls correctly designed for backgrounds and overhead lighting of the most approved sort. The interest of the outside of the Louvre always makes it hard for me to get inside. I love to try to remember which part belongs to which period—to separate Henri IV's wing from Napoleon's with the inevitable "N's," and to wonder from which balcony Charles IX watched the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Day.

The river with its fine bridges is one of the greatest beauties of Paris. One always gets a thrill looking up and down the Seine, whether in the sunlight or at night, with the twinkling lights—a few red and green ones among the white—or in the *brouillard*, which makes even the Eiffel Tower, that ugly giant straddling over Paris, look mysterious and almost beautiful. The strings of barges which are always gliding softly up and down, or lying moored to the banks, add much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Paris is a city of contrasts, and a few blocks from a stately avenue like the Rue de Rivoli, for instance, one finds a network of the shabby streets of old Paris which are so absolutely fascinating to most of us. They are fast disappearing in the march of improvement, but still there are many in the neighborhood of this hotel.

Dear F—

You would be quite mad over the music in Paris—four or five wonderful great orchestras all the time and innumerable concerts of every sort. There are three or four orchestra concerts every Sunday—the Colonne, the Lamoureux, the Pasdeloup, and the Ancien Conservatoire. This latter, now in the ninety-sixth year of its existence, is a sacred institution of which Paris is nearly as proud as of the Louvre. Even the cab-drivers know where to find it. It is the strangest little hall—shabby and unattractive—with the orchestra seated in tiers one above another, and the organist—when the organ is used, as it was last Sunday—in a little coop at the top which looks like nothing else so much as a Punch and Judy Show. The acoustics are perfect and the audience—real music-lovers—hisses any one who is not quiet when the music is ready to begin. This hissing of a French audience is as appalling, until one becomes accustomed to it, as the bravos are pleasing. Indeed, a French audience is almost as interesting as the performance, especially at the theater, where it reacts to the waves of emotion which sweep over it with sighs and laughter, almost with sobs.

How "talky" most French plays are! But then the French always *do* talk. Like Nature, they abhor a vacuum. If a French servant has nothing to say, he murmurs politely "Madame . . ." However, he usually *does* have something else to say. None of the wooden dumbness of the English servants about the French. Your *femme de chambre*, or *valet de chambre*, will converse cheerfully with you while he or she does your room, and one gets many a French lesson in that way—only sometimes it may happen to be peculiar French. Paris is full of Swiss, Alsatian and Italian servants, besides those of "the provinces," whose French is often very bad.

There are so many interesting little things to do in Paris, entirely aside from the marvels of the art galleries and the places and objects of historical interest or of especial beauty. It is Leonard Merrick, is it not, who has a tale called "A Chair on the Boulevard?" It is surely an experience to sit at one of the little tables on the sidewalk at one of the open-air cafes and watch all Paris surging up and down before one; especially on Sundays do they surge. The pouring rain seems to make no difference. The women with their high-heeled shoes and pale tan hose, and never any rubbers! The part of Paris that is not surging is sipping Dubonnet or Raphael, and watching the passing show.

On the Boulevard des Italiens several of the cafes have large stoves on the sidewalk, literally heating all out-of-doors, and people sit and sip all winter through—the same people who rigorously exclude all air from their homes and to whom a *"courant d'air"* is anathema! It is a cheap form of amusement to sit at the cafes, or to stroll and look in the shop-windows, which appeals to the economical French soul.

Looking in shop windows in Paris is pretty good fun for all of us. I wonder if the display of jewels in the windows of the Rue de la Paix can be equaled anywhere in the world. Such a glistening array of necklaces and bracelets and all the rest! I never knew there were so many and such big diamonds in

the world outside of the crown jewels in the Tower of London. One wonders who buys them. Not the French to any great extent, although France has her war profiteers doubtless. Particularly the South Americans and the Spaniards, of whom there is a large colony here, and, of course, some Americans despite the prohibitive duty. By the way, South America seems to cut a much larger figure on this side of the water than ours! The papers speak of *us* quite carefully as the "United States," and the *New York Herald*, without which no American in Paris can eat his breakfast, gives each morning considerable space in French to *"l'Amerique Latine."*

The florists' shops are the most wonderful and beautiful things I ever saw, especially just now after New Year's Day, for they all burst into special glory with great bunches of roses all beautifully arranged (not kept in glass cases), and marvelous azalea plants and such lovely lilacs—a *"nouveaute,"* they say, this season.

All the other shops are marvelous, and oh! the heavenly pictures one could buy! Paris is full of starving artists. And Oriental goods, cheaper than ours, and very beautiful! Of necklaces there are enough on the Rue de Rivoli alone to encircle the globe! And such clothes! The sales and bargains are now on, and one really feels guilty not to buy, the things are so cheap. Only I never can find anything I want at sales. But there are wonderful values to be had, if one is small, and discriminating.

Just now the "white sales" are the special feature and the shops are like snow-clad peaks of sheets, pillow-cases, towels, napkins and table-cloths. Lingerie too, but more especially the household goods. A real French housewife must have dozens of each article to be content, and replenishes her stock at this time.

It is the windows filled with feminine fripperies that one stands before the longest—things that are just French, nothing else. Just now huge dolls dressed in very full skirts of every known hue to prop up among your sofa pillows for a splash of color, and smaller ones in all sorts of quaint costumes to stand in my lady's boudoir. Handkerchiefs of every color and design—the latest of chiffon, tiny ones to be worn tucked into a bracelet of soft suede of any hue, the handkerchief to contrast with or to match one's evening gown. It is an art to arrange these too—but then all French people are artists! You pull one corner through the ring (I'm talking about the bracelet now) and then the second corner, and then the third corner, and then with a perfectly magical twist you have a ravishing bow on your dainty wrist!

At Christmas of course the windows were full of *"jouets"* and *"poupees."* Such dolls, so human and so naughty, some of them. People stood in lines for a chance to see the windows, for the displays of mechanical toys were really marvelous. At the Galeries Lafayette there was a vegetable garden, and the carrots kept coming up out of the ground while the gardener stood by trying to water them and looking the picture of astonishment to see these huge vegetables rising before his eyes. One gardener was trying to hold them down with his hoe. Then cabbages rose up and down, showing pretty faces inside, then went back into the earth only to rise and open again.

The wax models of both ladies and gentlemen are really lovely and quite human—much better than ours. And the *"patisserie"* shops make one hungry just to look at them. Such marvels of beautiful, elaborate, indigestible confections could never be created in an Anglo-Saxon brain. They are not all as good as they look, but many of them are quite delicious, and the French, men and women alike, have a most amazing custom of going into a *patisserie* shop, taking a little plate and fork, choosing two or three of these irresistible little cakes, and standing up to eat them!

Another thing that is good fun is watching people feed the birds in the Tuileries Gardens, or, for that matter, doing it one's self. They are so tame that they will take food from one's hands, and, if one is patient enough, perch on one's knees and shoulders.

Then the children with their nurses in the Champs Elysees are a joy. All French children are pretty. I do not know what happens to them when they grow up, for the French are not a particularly handsome race. They are all charmingly dressed in their short little bits of coats of red, or blue, or green, with bonnets to match perhaps edged with fur, and their little legs always bare.

* *

Dear F—

Do you want to know about Paris fashions? I am a very poor person to ask about that, you know—but I can tell you that skirts are much longer! Indeed, evening gowns touch the floor and have little tails on some of them. That afternoon gowns are worn absolutely sleeveless. That Parisians love to swathe themselves in long black coats to their ankles. That the three-piece suit, so-called (I don't know why, since the waist and skirt are firmly attached), is quite popular; and that it is between seasons now, and that the tidy French mind, which can not be changed or hurried, would rather miss a sale than allow you to buy anything until the spring models are ready, which will be at the end of this month (January). Then the sweet young things who wear and display the frocks and suits and coats and other confections hour after hour, and day after day, and week after week, will resume their endless trailing back and forth before buyers, customers and mere onlookers. *Quelle vie!*

The little shops of France interest me. It is a land of little shops, with the family living in the rear and everybody sharing in keeping shop. No sale is too small to be of interest. I have seen people buy one *brioche*—a sort of muffin—or one little cake, or one apple. *We* have so much false pride that we buy half a dozen when we want only one or two.

There is a man who goes through my street early every morning, calling something that sounds exactly like "gibble gabble." My French teacher says he says *"chiffons, feraille a vendre"*—and that it is one of the classic street cries of Paris, like *"rempailleur de chaises,"* which indicates a mender of chairs, and *"vitrier,"* a mender of windows. Another Paris bit is the man who sings in the street for money.

Do you know what the sign *"stoppeur"* means?

ne sees it all over Paris. A *"stoppeur"* is one who ops *"a merveille"* the ladders in your silk hose, or e tear in your best suit, or the hole you have burned your skirt with your cigarette, so that you can ever find them (the holes).

I am not forgetting that there has been a war. ne can not when one sees at every turn men who have st an arm or a leg or an eye, or cripples going about e streets in wheeled chairs. The banks and hotels nploy the *"mutiles"* as far as possible. The streets d church porches are full of beggars, which never sed to be allowed. One pays a franc now to enter a cture gallery, which it used to be the pride of Paris open free to all. There is always a crowd around e grave of the Unknown Soldier under the great Arc Triomphe.

The poverty among the upper classes—the old obility—seems most pathetic to me. Many people re selling their family estates, and that is a terrible ing to a Frenchman; and many people who have tained their country houses stay in them for most f the winter for economy's sake, coming to Paris for e season of March, April and May. There are 800,000 ar widows—and a million and a half of the best anhood of France under the sod, and nearly half a illion disabled. A friend said to me to-day, "Edmond has just had the grippe, and it is always hard r him since he was gassed"—just as we might say, nce he had pneumonia.

The franc is worth six or seven American cents; nd it is a parlor pastime for Americans to watch the xchange rise and fall—sometimes thirteen francs r a dollar, sometimes fourteen, once this season as any as sixteen, and all the fractions between (now n February 1 almost seventeen). But it is a tragedy r France.

As I write, France has just occupied the Ruhr. reat personages have been going about our streets nd great scenes have been enacted. Much excitement as prevailed on one or two occasions at the Quai 'Orsay, but the people as a whole remain calm. One ears repeated suggestions as to the possibilities of enewed fighting—but no one really expects it, in the est. It seems not so impossible in the east. France uite naturally feels justified after four years in showing her impatience with Germany and in taking active easures for the collection of her debt. Also she uite naturally feels abandoned by England and merica. Whether her action is a wise one only ime will show.

I went one day to the American Cemetery at uresnes just outside of Paris. These cemeteries for ur boys are lovely, restful places, perfectly kept, ith their long symmetrical rows of green mounds and ttle white crosses, each bearing the name and rank f the soldier and his identification tag. Suresnes es on a hillside, with a lovely distant view of Paris pread below. It is reached by a graceful curving oad; there are trees upon the slope, making in summer a background of green, but now a network of bare ranches against the sky.

* *

Dear F—

I believe I was quite serious in my last letter. But to-night I feel disposed to write you a hotch-potch of impressions that I have gathered in my wanderings about the city, and then I must bring this scribble to an end, for I have doubtless written too much already.

One of the most entertaining things to efficient Anglo-Saxons is the purely decorative police force—*"sergents de ville"* they call them. Very natty they are in their blue uniforms, with their capes worn or folded and cast gracefully over one shoulder. They stand serene and uninterested while the traffic whirls about them—taxi-cabs run into one another and pedestrians scurry wildly from under horses' hoofs, or leap from beneath the wheels of auto-buses, of which Paris has many. Why should they be disturbed by such trifles? If one asks one of these gentlemen to find a street, he rarely knows, but will most graciously pull a little book out of his pocket and search for the needed information. Then with many a *"merci"* on your side, and *"bonjour, Madame,"* and *"bonjour, Monsieur,"* you part, feeling you have not lived in vain if you have taught one Paris policeman one more street. Justice compels me to state that they really are handling the traffic fairly well now about the Opera and in other very congested quarters; and, after all, the French are Latins, and since we presumably come abroad to find things that are different from those at home, why complain when they *are* different, as many of us are inclined to do?

Another thing that entertains me is the extreme reluctance of doctors and dentists, and other people, to display any visible signs of their whereabouts. You are told that your doctor has an office at 81 Boulevard Malesherbes. You go there. No name of any sort anywhere. You pluck up courage to ask the *concierge*, who is probably rude to you; most of them are very disagreeable. (It must be a hard calling, and very trying to dispositions!) She says *"3eme a droite"* and leaves you to your fate. You find the little automatic *ascenseur* in the dark—it is *always* dark, and Parisians must have cats' eyes, for they read and see where we can hardly find our way about in the shadows. You shut "both doors" with yourself inside, and punch a button, half expecting to go up through the roof. Your chariot slides noiselessly and steadily to your floor—then stops. You open both doors, get out, close both doors, and, if you are an altruist, you punch the *"descente"* and watch your late *voiture* slide smoothly and silently away from you. Then you ring a bell, still doubtful, some one opens the door and, sure enough, there you are. Of course, these little elevators are very temperamental and very often *"ils ne marchent pas."* Then *you* march up and down endless flights of stairs. You always march *down*, any way.

The flower markets held in different parts of the city on different days, in the open of course, all the year round, are a beautiful sight; and the bird market on Sundays near Notre Dame is worth visiting, to see hundreds of tiny feathered things of wonderful brilliant hues, in such little cages, their owners displaying their points to prospective buyers as one might of horses or dogs.

One day I dropped into the Jeu de Paume Gallery, just to look at Whistler's mother for a moment. And oh! the autumn Salon! One could write volumes of the dreadful wildness of it, but I refrain.

Americans have been much interested in the art school for American students located in a delightful corner of the fascinating old Place des Vosges, built about 1600 by Cardinal Richelieu; and in the school for music students housed in a wing of the Palais de Fontainebleau. The warm welcome given to these young Americans seems one step in the right direction toward cementing the friendship of the two nations.

I am tempted to let myself loose on the subject of Paris restaurants. It is not exactly a novel topic, and every one knows that French cooking is an art. It is not, however, always conducive to the happiness of American digestive systems; and after a while one's very soul cries out for a baked potato, for a hot biscuit, or some griddle cakes! One can find them, too, at some of the little places in my quarter, but I will refrain from naming them. Though all the way from the Cafe des Mariniers on the old Ile St. Loui where Paris started—where Madame does her ow cooking and comes in and talks with her guests be tween times, where the rest of the family wait a table, assisted by a young Belgian girl whose peopl were all killed during the war, and who lived for som time in a cellar during the invasion, where the me from the river-boats come and Madame cooks fo them and sews on their buttons—all the way fron this to afternoon tea at the Ritz, where titles an jewels glitter and bedazzle, is a long and extremel interesting series of eating places of every known type and nearly all with really good food.

Representative Universalists

III Mrs. James Adams

WHEN the merry Christmas bells were ringing on the morning of December 25, in the year 1840, in the little town of Lincoln in the state of Maine, there was welcomed into this world the subject of this brief sketch. The harmony of Yule-tide chimes has influenced for eighty-two years a womanly life full of grace and truth. Our own Clara Barton, too, was born on Christmas day, and of both these noble women it may be said in the words of Whittier,

> "The dear Lord's best interpreters
> Are humble human souls,
> The gospel of a life like hers
> Is more than books and scrolls."

And yet once more, in a more literal way, is the melody of the chiming bells fulfilled in Mrs. Adams' life, for there are several tons of most musical metal, in the shape of ten bells, hanging in the westerly tower of the First Universalist Church of Bangor, which ring out every Sunday morning, and always on Christmas day, the message of "peace on earth and good-will to men." To the throngs of church-goers on Sunday mornings this music is a sign and symbol to all of every creed and sect, "that the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind, and the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind." All contradictions of creed, perplexities of ecclesiastical programs and strife of theological tongues are silenced, or blended into one, by these "Madeline Chimes" given a few years ago by Mrs. Adams in hallowed memory of a dear daughter.

By yet another beautiful coincidence, it was on St. Valentine's day in the year 1859 that Mrs. Adams' wedding with Mr. James Adams was solemnized in the same little town of Lincoln. On the same day the wedding journey was taken to Bangor, where Mrs. Adams has since resided. Mr. Adams died on June 17, 1907.

At first Mrs. Adams, who at that time was a pronounced Methodist, could not conscientiously reconcile herself to attend the Universalist church which her husband supported. Indeed, it seemed to her a kind of sacrilege even to go there, but one fair Sabbath morning she did attend with her husband. She often speaks to-day of the "fear and trembling in her heart that she might be committing some un pardonable sin. But the sweet and gracious ministr of the Rev. Amory Battles dispelled her fears and fore bodings, and she thereafter found in that servic what her mind and soul desired, a reasonable an

MRS. JAMES ADAMS

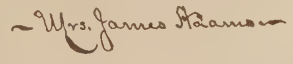
spiritual interpretation of unseen realities, an atmo phere of quiet devotion and calm, unfailing faith an courage, which have been, since those early days, t source of her simple, gentle trust and the inspiratio of a life of helpfulness and unremitting service. F Mrs. Adams belongs to that retiring class of whi Wordsworth somewhere speaks,

> "Kind hearts without reproach or blot
> That do their work and know it not."

And these are unnumbered because of their ve

multitude and too often unnoticed because of the natural simplicity and unpretentiousness of their daily service.

On several occasions this autograph



has appeared in the *Leader*, and called forth editorial comment. This writing, remarkable for one of eighty years, is familiar to all her friends, but better still to that innumerable host, the poor and unfortunate, that have been the glad recipients of her kindly service which she was eager and glad to render as a means of helping people to more of life's abundance. To speak of her wide and multiform philanthropies would be to intrude upon the very sanctities and privacies of her affections, as it would be unquestionably distasteful to her. But this is what church membership and the Master's discipleship means to her, and it is all beautifully typified in three panel windows, bearing the Adams name, in the facade of the church which she loves, representing the strong masterful manhood of the Risen Christ, with uplifted hand, saying to all the world, the message and mission of his ministry—"And I, if I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me."

Universalists and the Y. M. C. A.

SINCE the Atlantic City Convention last November there has been much discussion as to how far and in what way its action changed our relationship to an organization that has hitherto excluded us from full participation. The following official statement by Mr. John R. Mott of the International Y. M. C. A. will be read with interest by all Universalists:

Contrary to the headlines in the newspapers which in certain cases conveyed an impression the very opposite of the report given to the press and therefore contrary to the facts, the Young Men's Christian Association at its recent International Convention at Atlantic City has not broken with the evangelical churches but rather strengthened its relation to them. In all the long chain of forty-one International Conventions it may be questioned whether the Association has ever rung more true on this fundamental point than it did at its recent Convention.

1. The Atlantic City Convention took no action requiring any Association now on the historic Portland Basis of active membership to make any change therein. No Association which already has that Basis is disturbed.

2. The Atlantic City Convention aligned itself as never before with the evangelical churches of today in that it adopted by practically unanimous vote, as an alternate plan, the provision that active membership in the Association shall be held to include those who are members in any church which is eligible for membership in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

3. The Convention allowed any Association to admit to its Managing Board on the vote of the Board, ninety per cent of whom must be members of evangelical churches, men not to exceed in number ten per cent who are members of the Association but not members of churches included in the foregoing provisions, provided such men personally accept the Paris Basis as a statement of their personal purpose. This Basis, which unites all of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the world, and which as a matter of fact is today accepted by nearly every national group of Associations, reads as follows: "The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be his disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for extension of his Kingdom amongst young men."

4. The Convention by unanimous vote renewed its declaration of loyalty to the evangelical churches.

It should be pointed out that the Convention was composed of some sixteen hundred voting delegates, all of whom are members of evangelical churches. When Dr. Robert E. Speer, Chairman of the Federal Council, suggested that those delegates who are officers, teachers, and committee workers in their respective churches stand, nearly three-fourths of the entire number stood. Facts like these should serve to dispel any doubt or misapprehension which may exist in any quarter as to the unswerving loyalty of the Young Men's Christian Association to the evangelical churches of the United States and Canada.

John R. Mott.

December 5, 1922.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XVII Lent

Agricola

LENT is the late Christian survival of a pan-religious asceticism. It is a mild edition of the self-inflicted tortures, flagellations, bruisings, humiliations, imprisonments, mortifications of the flesh, of all races of men in all ages of human history. Asceticism is not confined to Christians alone, but is practised by men of all religions, by Buddhists, Mohammedans, Parsees, and many heathen tribes. It is an almost universal observance.

There are three things which Lent implies. First, that man is profoundly conscious of the fact of sin. Second, that sin and the flesh go together, are interchangeable terms. Third, that punishing the flesh induces spiritual grace and growth. Wittingly or unwittingly one who keeps Lent subscribes to these propositions.

Modern theologies, even those which keep Lent most religiously and deem its observance an absolute requirement, have softened down the medieval custom. Savage self-inflictions have disappeared. In their place we see only abstinence from pleasures, deprivation of luxuries. Our fasts would have been feasts two centuries ago. Lent is undergoing a pro

gressive dilution as man widens his outlook on his world.

No doubt there is some value in Lent to specially constructed souls. To confess sin, to experience penitence, to prostrate the soul in the Divine presence, relieves and restores the wounded spirit. One withdraws from the world that he may overcome the world. To such persons Lent is a benediction and a necessity.

To others Lent is an anachronism and a repelling ritual. They stand erect and talk with God face to face. Sin is a sad reality and the body is a prey to evil desires, but you overcome these by will power, not by fasting or confession. Man can be conscious that he is an immortal soul without the help of ritual, or self-inflicted punishment. He no longer needs the rigors of the law, the sackcloth and ashes of the ancient code.

Lent is an echo of Jesus' days in the wilderness when he fought and overcame the devils of temptation. If you consider Jesus' acts as divinely instituted models which must be literally copied, Lent becomes one of the major observances in Christian living. The real question is, is it as a symbol or a command, a mere rite or a spiritual requirement?

One can scarcely believe that Jesus intended to elevate it to an express command. It was not included in his two great laws of the spiritual world, or in his matchless Sermon on the Mount. Had he instituted Lent as a sacrament his intent would have been clear.

St. Francis of Assisi took upon himself the vow of poverty that he might devote his life to others. St. Simeon on his pillar punished his body for the sake of his soul. In one the ultimate purpose was social; in the other individual. Lent symbolizes the asceticism of St. Simeon rather than the altruism of St. Francis. In a world of diverse souls Lent makes a special appeal and serves a useful purpose. .

The Great Fundamental

Frank S. Rice

YOU and I are not thrown out into a blind chaos—into an uncharted wilderness of space. We are not placed here without spiritual parentage. We are not the sport of chance; but we do come in accord with a purpose higher, purer, more wonderful, than our minds can measure. The bonds holding us safe in the boundless universe are the unfailing power and love of the Heavenly Father. In that presence every pain and grief is sanctified, every pleasure and joy has a definite meaning. Every longing of the soul, every hope, every endeavor, is part of a Divine plan. Every sin with its consequent loss and misery never thwarts the Infinite purpose.

When we recognize, as we must, the rule of the Eternal Creator, there is no alternative but to believe that the Creator is eternally sufficient unto His work. All scientific achievement is built on such faith. There is no danger unforeseen, no need unprovided for, no evil without an end, no failure anywhere in His plans. The completeness and beauty and perfection of the universe means the completeness and perfection of all its infinitesimal parts.

This truth is fundamental in the Universalist religion. It is no theory; but it is a necessary postulate of correct thought, not susceptible of or needing proof. When this truth is fully realized it will revolutionize society. It means a vital faith, a genuine piety, a workable motive and method of conduct.

This fundamental of Universalism proves the falsity of many forms of belief prevailing for centuries in the Christian churches. Those forms of belief were built on the supposition that God's human creation in the Garden of Eden suffered wreck, utter and complete. A man-made scheme of salvation was proclaimed as an afterthought on the part of God. It was not expected to rescue more than a small part of the human race from the general ruin.

As, of necessity, we know God could have suffered no failure in His creation, therefore, the whole man-made "plan of salvation" was utterly misconceived. It has, in fact, been the cause of untold evil. Working methods in churches were built on a false foundation. Appeals were made more largely to fear than to love. Superstition prevailed rather than reason.

The beauty, harmony and completeness of God's universe could never be predicated from the ornate and artificial structure of the Roman Catholic religion, any more than it could be from the only slightly altered creeds of the great so-called Reformation.

The prevailing forms of Christianity are flatly disproved by enlightened modern philosophy and science.

The result of the teaching of the churches has been to furnish the rabble with its vocabulary of profanity, to obscure men's vision of the beauty, order and perfection of Creation, and to drive intellectual people out of the church.

Even to-day in New England, where religion is regarded as progressive, this false plan of salvation is subscribed to by most of the churches, and the effect is to devitalize assertions of God's immutable love, and multitudes of teachers are supected of inconsistency or of hypocrisy. The whole "plan of salvation" should be scrapped. We need to make a new start and build from the ground up on a foundation of the absolute perfection and success of creation.

> "Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
> Builds on a rock that can not move."

The personality of Jesus was unique in the history of mankind. In this year 1923, more is being said about his birth, his nature, the extent of his power, how he was related to God and to humanity, than ever in all the ages of the past. He stands in a class by himself. Philosophers, poets, statesmen, orators, artists, musicians, prophets, saints, have done much to uncover the Divine image in humanity; but all their work was fragmentary and partial. In Jesus alone is God's nature clearly revealed, and in him alone is man revealed to himself.

Jesus' whole life and all his words were artlessly simple and understandable. Yet strangely no one,

when he was alive, understood him. To the Pharisees he was a dangerous heretic misleading the people. To his disciples he was the coming ruler who had fat offices to distribute. To the sick he was a miracle worker. To Pilate he was a harmless enthusiast. All followed him to witness the "signs" he might give. So accustomed were all to exhibitions of greed for money, place and power, so used to examples of subterfuge covering selfish motives, so wedded to high sounding and material ideals, that the transparency of Jesus was unrecognized. He undertook to formulate no theology or creed, to write no catechism, to organize no sect. In the story of his temptation he rejected the claim to greatness because of his power to work miracles. His Godlikeness was expressed in service to the needy, love for little children, in his treatment of the fallen woman, and in living the two great commandments. Everywhere his humanity was in evidence. The tears he shed with Mary and Martha over the death of Lazarus meant more than any supernatural gift of power to raise the dead.

It is said of the German statesman, Bismarck, that he discomfited the subtlest diplomats of Europe by stating without deceit or evasion his policy and aims. The diplomats were always looking for some hidden purpose of his. Very few persons in all history have grasped the childlike simplicity of Jesus' words and character, the wisdom of his human purity of heart, the profound truth of his loving nature.

In his humanity, in the simple goodness of his character, in the charity of his words, in the loving service of his whole life, he was a revelation of the Heavenly Father. He would not call down fire from heaven, or consume his enemies, and by that sign we know that God would not. He pointed out that the shepherd when one sheep was lost would leave the flock safely housed and go out and search until the lost was found. Would God do less? For a Divinely Beneficent Father such care was a necessity.

Jesus not only reveals to us the nature of the God above us, but he shows to us that manhood is Godlike, when we contemplate the surpassing beauty of the life of Jesus. It is a sacrilege to try to invest it with ecclesiastical robes, and weaken its influence by explaining what he is by scholastic platitudes and theological absurdities. Let the unadorned manhood of Jesus stand out before us unexplained and unadorned. The embodiment of the Man Jesus Christ into the human race, is the end toward which the whole creation moves.

The Minister's House and Library in Shizuoka

Ashi Terasawa

SHIZUOKA is quite old, and I am so young. There must be, therefore, some struggle between these two. The city of Shizuoka has eighty thousand inhabitants, and most of them Buddhists. Many of them are of the Nichiren sect, who are very earnest in spreading their faith, and very narrow toward Christianity. The Christians in the city number only about a thousand. There are many churches for so few Christians. They are Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist Protestant, Brethren, Holiness, Salvation Army, and our Universalist church. The two Methodist churches have between them a membership of seven hundred fifty, so the other churches are all quite small.

In our Universalist church we have at present a membership of twenty-eight. Among them there are only three Christian homes, and one of them is my home. Moreover, they are young in their Christian life. So they do not know what is the Christian daily life. Husband and wife each might be Christian, but their home is not. Then the minister must show the model of Christian life or Christian home. So the minister's house is very necessary for them.

Many people who come to the church are all good and earnest Christians; but their parents and relations are all Buddhists. So they always contend with them on account of the difference of faith or sect. I know a young man who is a Christian, and who is going to marry, but his parents do not like Christianity, so they object to his marriage unless he will renounce Christianity. Another young man earnestly seeking for God came to our church, but he had to stop because his whole family objected.

Those who are in such a condition need my personal touch and comfort. They need more the minister's house at present than the church itself. It is important and absolutely necessary under such circumstances. From the very beginning of my work in Shizuoka I have had a plan for my house near the church.

I wrote first that Shizuoka is quite old. That is true, but I must not overlook this fact: that young germs are springing up under the indurate rocks. Young men and women living in Buddhist homes are seeking freedom and truth, light and love; and slowly they find the way to truth, and come to our church.

Several teachers of the Shizuoka Commercial School, who are not Christian, want to study the New Testament, and have asked me to give them a series of lectures. They do not want to come to the church, but they will come to my house. So I began to teach them in January. To study the Bible may be natural and common in America, but in Japan, especially in such a strong Buddhist city, it is very unusual; and to have public school teachers ask a Christian minister to instruct them is almost unknown.

I believe that their young hearts will win against many troubles. They may not become Christians, but they will learn something about our great faith, and in future years will help to break down the prejudice against the Christian religion.

But in working with these school teachers I need some good reference books, and also books which I could loan them. So I have an ambition to have a library in our church. I know that it would be used, and would help greatly in spreading our Christian faith.

So I ask for a good minister's home where there will be a right Christian spirit. I should like many good books and pictures. I wait for your kind hearts to respond to my cry.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR LOMBARD

THE following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the Executive Board of the Illinois Universalist Convention, at its regular February meeting, held at the Hamilton Club, Chicago, will be of great interest and encouragement to our Church as a whole and to the constituency of Lombard College in particular:

Whereas, the trustees of Lombard College, recognizing the pressing and immediate need of a larger endowment fund for the institution, have instructed its president, Dr. J. M. Tilden, to inaugurate a campaign for an additional half a million dollars; and,

Whereas, such additional endowment is imperative if Lombard College is to maintain her recognized place as one of the leading colleges of Illinois and the Middle West; and,

Whereas, the Universalist denomination of the whole country, and Illinois and the Middle West in particular, are under measureless obligations to Lombard College for the service rendered to the cause of education and liberal religion for almost three-quarters of a century; and,

Whereas, the city of Galesburg has acknowledged her appreciation of Lombard College by subscribing $100,000 of this half-million additional endowment; and,

Whereas, the progress and prestige of Universalism in the Middle West are indissolubly linked with the progress and prosperity of Lombard College; be it, therefore,

Resolved, that we pledge our hearty support to President Tilden and Lombard College in this great undertaking, and urge all our friends in Illinois to rally to this call as promptly and generously as possible; and be it further

Resolved, that the president of this Convention be instructed to send a copy of this resolution to each minister and parish organization in Illinois, and that the resolution be spread upon the minutes of this meeting.

Frank D. Adams,
President.

* * *

JESUS DID MEAN IT

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader;

A liberal minister learns to endure a great deal in patience—and there are some of us who have been sorely tested by the *Leader*—but when it comes to Dr. Hall preparing a Christian justification for the next war in the issue of Feb. 10—please, I can not repress the "comeback."

To divide the issue of abolishing commercialized international murder into a question of using moral suasion or physical force, good-will or poison-gas, is an obvious evasion of the economic factor in modern war. It is apparent that a sufficient pacific body of opinion—which it is the duty of the Christian Church to create—would quickly influence our political leaders to find the quietus for war which lies in economic pressure applied to the nations involved. The withdrawal of American financial credit would have prevented the world war, just as its present withdrawal would shock sense into Europe's present insanity. There would be peace and industry in Europe in a week if America used financial suasion.

There were some Universalists during the late war who did believe "Jesus meant it" when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." I would record myself as one, at least, who still holds to that faith, which experiences in Europe neither during nor since the war have caused me to recant as invalid. Either the ideal of Jesus was distinctive or it was valueless. If it means only "in so far as" and "doing good to those who do good to us," let us drop it and honestly worship Thor. But, and I believe Jesus "meant it," his teaching implied something "exceeding the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees."

As one for the affirmative that "Jesus meant it," please inscribe,

L. Griswold Williams.

Reading, Pa.

* * *

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader;

On reading Mr. Owen R. Washburn's comments in the *Leader* upon a recent letter of my own, I find that he has failed to grasp fully either the theory of economic determinism, or my own statement of it. No one who accepts that theory is obliged to hold, as he assumes, that economic self-interest governs the ideas and actions of every individual. I expressly recognized this by stating, "there are exceptions, but this is the rule." The *exceptional* slaveholder who turned abolitionist merely proves the rule, as does the occasional capitalist who turns radical social reformer.

Mr. Washburn's slave states which stayed in the Union do not disprove my theory; they confirm it. States like South Carolina and Alabama, where slaves were many and profitable, seceded; those like Delaware, Maryland and Missouri, where slave labor was unprofitable and negroes relatively scarce, did not secede, though decidedly lukewarm in their Union sympathies. The case of West Virginia is most illuminating, for it was precisely those counties where slavery was almost unknown which withdrew from Virginia when she seceded. Union sentiment in the South was invariably strongest where slavery was weakest.

Mr. Washburn says the English workers sympathized with the North during the war, against their own economic interests. He is mistaken; the English workers instinctively recognized the fundamental identity of their own fight for economic freedom with that of the chattel-slave. Their distress was due to the war, and would have been relieved by the triumph of either side. The Lancashire cotton-spinner was not, on the average, a better man than the Southern slave-owner, but the economic position of the former made him prize freedom, while that of the latter made him detest it—for his slaves.

Mr. Washburn says labor has not brought about any economic reforms because few workers have been legislators. I did not say they had. What I referred to, of course, was political pressure by Capital and Labor upon legislators, which is invariably exerted in opposite directions when their interests conflict. And it is this same political pressure which, in most cases, influences the votes of the politicians who chiefly make up our legislatures, and not their personal character. It is undeniable that Labor is the drive-wheel, and Capital the brake, on the engine of social

progress. Mr. Washburn's own state, New Hampshire, illustrates this. There the mill-owners have been trying to get a 48-hour law, while the mill-workers have been opposing it. Or was it just the other way round? In this struggle, was the line of cleavage within the textile industry economic, or moral, in its nature?

Mr. Washburn says a belief in economic determinism logically leads to atheism. So men said of evolution. Both statements are equally unfounded. Economic determinism is come, not to destroy, but to fulfil. It does not banish God from the human spirit; it merely reveals His method of using economic forces in molding and developing that spirit. It enlarges, not destroys, our conception of God, by showing us another channel through which God can also work to accomplish His purpose of leading mankind "onward and upward forever."

Hugh Dunbar.

Attleboro Falls, Mass.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

Parable of the Man Who Ruleth the Circus

I TRAVELED upon a Train, and I entered the Diner at the First Call, as is my Custom. And there sat down at the table over against me a man of Pleasing Countenance, albeit with a rather Firm Jaw. And at the table across the aisle sat two men, and they argued about Prohibition.

And the man who sat with me said, If those two guys were in my business or thine, and had to look after as many folk as we do, there would be no Argument.

And I said, I run a Character Factory; what is thy Business?

And he said, I run a Circus. I have been in the business since I was Eleven years old. I learned the Business from James A. Bailey, who taught Barnum how to run a Real Show. And Bailey was this kind of man, that, being honest as the day is long, he had no Great Prejudice against a man who would Steal, but he hated a Liar with an Unforgiving Hatred.

And I said, There is much that I could learn of thee, and I would ask thee about the Animals, but instead I will ask thee about the folk in thine employ.

And he said, I run a Church about as large as thine, for I have Twelve Hundred people on the road with the show. And, like thee, I have no continuing city, but dwell in tents. Yea, and I can sing with thee how we nightly pitch our moving tent a day's march nearer home. But I keep a closer watch over my flock than thou canst do, and all in all mine are quite as well behaved as thine. Our rules are more strict, and we enforce them more rigidly. We employ no woman unless she be accompanied by her husband or brother or father, and it would be a mighty good thing for the Church if it would refuse to admit women and leave their husbands on the outside.

And I said, That is worth considering.

And he said, Our folk are Highly Moral. And one reason is that we work them so hard they have no time to be otherwise, and that would be a good scheme for thee.

And he told me much more concerning himself and his Show, which he said was very much like mine. And he was an Interesting Talker. Moreover, I discovered that he was a Religious Man, though of this he spake not until we had talked long.

And he said, This whole business of Life is a Great Show, and we be both Performers, and also we sit on the Blues and look down into the Ring and smile at the follies of the others. And I wonder if the Good God smileth not at us all. For certainly He hath put on the Greatest Show on Earth; for particulars see Small Bills. And there be some who perform upon the bars, and some upon the Flying Rings, and some in the Sawdust, and there be not a few Clowns, some of whom know it not, but think that they are Headliners. But it is a Right Good Show, and worth the Price of Admission.

And I said, So it is: and I have been performing in one of the Rings for a good many years, and still I am ready when the Band beginneth to play.

And I inquired of him, saying, Art thou in the Show Business for life?

And he said, None of us admit it. Yet do we all desire it for our children, and train them up in it, so that the Bareback Riders and the Trapeze Performers be mostly they that have grown up to the business. Yet do all of us look forward to owning an Home, and most of us save our Money and put into it.

And I said, Hast thou an home on earth?

And he said, Sure thing, and one, I hope, in Heaven also. For I would not always dwell in tents. Yea, and beside mine home, I own the Four Best Corners in the town where I live, and I have never leased one of them for a Saloon. For we Showmen are a Straight Bunch, and we know that the man in our Game hath no Business with Booze, and the more Religion he hath, the better for him and the Show.

And as we were rising from the Table, I looked for my Check, but the man who ruled the Circus had it, and he said, Thou art dining with me tonight. And so it was. For he was that kind of a man.

* * *

"I BELIEVE AND AFFIRM"

Now that things are started, we can not go back. The Rev. Dr. Buckner has started the ball to rolling by questioning the literal and even inspiration of the Bible from cover to cover; the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant (always the full name, please), has renounced the dogma of the virgin birth; Rabbi Wise finds that the ten commandments were not actually engraved upon tablets of real stone. No doubt, other fearless thinkers will follow. Although not so well known to fame as some of these other men, and not even having had an infant left on my doorstep, their brave example inflames me to say that for myself, after deep study, and after the most painful consideration of the possible effects of my results upon the morality of "the many" not yet accustomed to the full noonlight of modern science and who may kick out of their traces, I solemnly believe and affirm: That the earth is not flat, like a pancake, but round, more like a football; that the sun does not revolve around the earth, but the other way, more like a husband revolving around his wife, who is fixed; and, finally, that the moon is not made of green cheese. I am fully aware of the extent of these innovations, but I am ready, like those other martyrs to truth, to take the full consequences, even if it means a heresy trial, or having to endure one of Bishop Manning's letters, with all the nowadays so necessary unpleasantness of newspaper publicity. We give and ask no quarter. May the truth prevail!—*E. C. Wilm, in New Republic.*

ZION'S BANK*

I have a never-failing bank,
My more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich;
How then can I be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I not worth a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my banker smiling says,
Why don't you oftener come?
And when you draw a little bill,
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so niggardly and poor?
My bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one-pound note,
When you may have a twenty?

Since, then, my banker is so rich,
I have no need to borrow,
But live upon my notes to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Those notes can never be refused
That are by grace accepted.

All forged notes will be refused,
The bank will them detect,
While those that deal in forged notes,
Prove they are not God's elect.

Thousands of ransom'd sinners fear
They have no note at all,
Because they feel their misery
And ruin by the fall.

Tho' thousand notes lie scatter'd round,
All sign'd, and seal'd and free,
Yet many a doubting soul will say,
Ah! they are not for me!

Base unbelief will lead the soul
To say what is not true;
I tell the poor self-emptied soul,
These notes belong to you.

Should all the banks in Europe break,
The bank of England smash;
Bring all your notes to Zion's bank
You're sure to get your cash.

Nay, if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to this bank of grace,
The Banker is within.

I'll go again, I need not fear
My notes will be rejected;
Sometimes my banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud,
I've managed things so clever;
Perhaps before the day was gone,
I felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushes on my face,
Just at the door I stand;
I know if Moses kept the bank,
My soul would be condemned.

But ah! my bank can never break,
My bank stands open wide.
To all the chosen of the Lord
For whom the Saviour died.

We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound;
But in the banker's book of life,
His name was never found.

The leper had a little note,
"Lord, if thou wilt, thou can;"
The banker paid the little note,
And heard the dying man.

Behold and see the dying thief
Hang by his banker's side,
He cried, Dear Lord, remember me—
He got his cash, and died.

His blessed banker took him home
To Everlasting Glory,
There to shout his banker's grace,
And tell his endless story.

With millions more—Jehovah's choice—
Redeemed by precious blood,
Oh, may my soul with him be found
Among the sons of God.

Then will I praise my banker's grace
And sound his fame abroad;
Make heaven echo with my voice
Before the Throne of God.

Anonymous.

*A correspondent writes: "In overhauling some old papers I discovered this quaint poem which is dated 'Boston 1857' and which has thus far I think escaped publication." To many older readers it may recall memories of an interpretation of religion now happily only a memory.

* * *

A SYSTEM OF MORALITY BASED ON HUMAN NATURE*

Professor Dewey has long been recognized as the greatest of American philosophers, the logical successor of William James, as well as his follower in the paths of pragmatism. His books have given him rank as an important contributor to the social thought of the world, and many scholars of note hail him as the guide to a new and better order. James Harvey Robinson publicly announced that it was the aim of the remainder of his life to interpret to the American public the ideas of John Dewey. And perhaps an interpreter is needed, for Dewey's style, while often effective and brilliantly lucid, is frequently obscure and involved, and his material seems to suffer from the poor organization of the mass of thought behind it.

"Human Nature and Conduct" is the attempt of this philosopher to construct a system of morality that has its basis in human nature. He does not attempt to give the system in detail but merely to formulate the foundations upon which it is to rest. At the same time he gives much suggestive material so that the outlines of his system are clearly visible.

His method is the empirical one. With a scientist's contempt for *a priori* reasoning he works from facts to his theory. "There was a time," he says, "when in astronomy, chemistry and biology men claimed that judgment was possible only be-

"Human Nature and Conduct." John Dewey.

se the mind was already in possession of fixed truths, uni-sal principles, pre-ordained axioms. . . . The contention . for a long time maintained its hold upon men's minds. But effect was merely to encourage intellectual laziness. . . . e advance of science did not begin until men broke away from s method." That the method still holds in the field of morals n evident and, to Professor Dewey's mind, a disastrous, fact.

What he seeks is a moral theory "based upon the realities human nature and a study of the specific connections of se realities with those of physical science." He does not ect that such a theory would do away with moral struggle and eat. Life is not so simple as that. He does think that would enable us to state problems in such forms that action uld be courageously and intelligently directed toward their ution."

In analyzing the relation of human nature to conduct adopts three divisions, habit, impulse and intelligence. Of e three habit is the most important, as was also stated in the thor's "Reconstruction in Philosophy." A visit to the Orient, ere the full force of habit has held sway, convinced Professor wey of that. But he has in mind a somewhat more inclusive inition of habit than the ordinary one. Habits to him are t tools, potential means; "they are active means," more than her tools or material. His first point is that habits are social, veloped in the individual by virtue of his environment. "It of grace not of ourselves that we live civilized lives." Our first ty is to pass on the environment which we inherited, not out piety to the past but for the sake of a present that "will create yet better future." It is by remembering the importance of vironment in habit and by taking advantage of that knowledge change environment that we can hope to abolish war, industrial justice and inequality of opportunity.

Among other significant points, he emphasizes that the ll can not affect habit except indirectly. Habit itself means ll. The relation of this belief to the doctrines of Coue, whose ent visit to America has aroused great interest, is obvious.

But by far the most interesting development of his dis-ssion of habit comes when he mentions custom and morality. "or practical purposes," he says, "morals means customs." hese customs have contributed immeasurably to our civi-ation, but segregated classes develop their own customs, and hen society becomes mobile, and these customs conflict with ch other, there is no common ground, no moral understanding. he result is the conflict which to-day occurs "between propertied asses and those who depend on a daily wage; between men and omen; between old and young."

From habit Dewey turns to impulse, by which he means the siduum left when habit, imitation, and so forth, have been educted from what is known as instinct. "Impulses are the vots upon which the reorganization of activities turn." Their mportance must be realized, especially in the training of the oung. "The place of impulse in conduct as a pivot of read-stment, reorganization, in habits may be defined as follows: On e side it is marked off from the territory of arrested and en-usted habits. On the other side it is demarcated from the re-on in which impulse is a law unto itself. . . . Impulse is a source, indispensable source, of liberation; but only as it is employed giving habits pertinence and freshness does it liberate power."

In dealing with impulse we are brought face to face with the e-old question of the alterability of human nature. The npulses are unchangeable, but their expression is not, and it is eir expression that is important. The instincts that lead to ar are many and complicated, but it is ridiculous to think that ey must find expression in just that way. With the economic der as well there are fundamental instincts involved, but the ed for appropriation does not have to be realized in the in-itution of private property. It may expend itself "in forming iendships, in seeking fame, in literary creation, in scientific roduction . . . or by holding goods as mine in just that degree which they were visibly administered for a benefit in which a orporate community shared."

Under the heading of intelligence Professor Dewey discusses the philosophy of the utilitarians and also goes into the matter of aims and principles. When habits conflict the opportunity for intelligence appears. "Intelligence is concerned with foreseeing the future so that action may have order and direction."

In the last section some of the outstanding considerations about conduct as a whole are gathered together. It is activity that is good, and not some distant happiness. The doctrine of an immutable end or good is absolutely incompatible with our natures, in which desire can never be permanently satisfied. Morals are human. Freedom is ours in so far as we use one necessity to meet another. Finally, morality is social and is susceptible to study in the same way that the sciences are. It is because morals have not been so treated, and because the knowledge of physical science has so far outrun the knowledge of man, that our modern life is full of conflict.

If the pragmatists are right and an empirical morality is all that we can hope to grasp, Professor Dewey's book lays a firm foundation for the growth of the social science whose lack he deplores, and even if one can not agree with his major premise, he can at least admire and profit by the shrewd inductive reasoning of this master of social thought.

G. H.

* * *

"NAKED AND YE CLOTHED ME"

Samuel McCrea Cavert

The Russian famine is far from over; it is still an appalling calamity.

"A fair estimate of the number of people in Russia who will starve before August, 1923, if not fed by Russian or foreign relief is 8,000,000." So reported, on Feb. 9, the special commission sent by the National Information Bureau to make an investigation of the famine needs of Russia at the present moment. Last year's famine left the peasants weakened and destitute, depleted their livestock, limited their spring plowing and made adequate crops impossible. A new drought destroyed large large portions of even those crops which they were able to plant.

They need food, medicines and equipment for children's homes and hospitals, and horses and implements for agricultural reconstruction. But especially do they need clothing. Clothing for men, women and children is needed, particularly warm garments of all kinds. Clothes for children of school age, six to sixteen, are in special demand. Many children are unable to attend school because they have nothing to wear.

The Federal Council of the Churches is therefore issuing an appeal to the churches of America to collect good second-hand clothing which can be shipped to the Russian famine sufferers. Money is still urgently needed, but if one hesitates to ask for money he has no ground for hesitation in appealing for second-hand clothes. It is a need which can be met with comparatively slight effort. Every family has clothing which is hanging useless in closets. By sending it to Russia it will serve to clothe those who otherwise will suffer beyond words.

All contributions of clothing should be sent, prepaid, to the Storeroom of the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers), 15th and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. This organization has generously agreed to serve as the distributing agent for all clothing contributed by the churches of the Federal Council, and will assume the expense of shipments to, and distribution in, Russia.

Care should be taken to see that the clothing contributed is good for at least six months' wear and that it is clean and well mended. Cotton stockings should not be sent. Shoes are in great demand, but to be useful they must have broad toes and low heels. In addition there is great need for all kinds of uncut material, which can be made into garments by the women of the famine zone, many of whom are sewing for the benefit of the community in return for their relief rations.

"The quantity of clothes which we have to distribute is so appallingly small, and the need for clothing so universal, that the famine of clothes is for many as bitter as the famine of food." So writes an American relief worker from the Russian famine

zone. Another worker writes: "Whole villages are thrown into a turmoil of excitement when the news goes out that we have American clothing for them. I do hope that the folks back home will realize how much good warm clothing means to these peasants who must live through such extremely cold winters under such great difficulties as the famine has now brought upon them."

* * *

ARMENIAN RELIEF

The following contributions covering the period from Dec. 15, 1922, to Feb. 28, 1923, were sent directly to the office of the Secretary of the General Convention:

Arlington, Mass., Mission Circle	$ 15.00
Attleboro, Mass., Murray Church	.87
Bradford, Pa., Lillian Davis	15.00
Brandontown, Fla., Ethel A. Robinson	10.00
Brookline, Mass., Beacon Church	10.00
Danbury, Conn., Sunday school	16.30
Grundy Center, Iowa, Mrs. J. W. Will	10.00
Hartford, Conn., Church	35.65
Harwood, N. D., C. H. Newton	20.00
Jamaica Plain, Mass., Mary D. Russell	10.00
Jamestown, Pa., R. C. McCrum	25.00
Long Beach, Cal., J. M. J. Pryne	5.00
Litchfield, Ill., Church	6.90
Lowell, Mass., Grace Church	133.25
Manchester, N. H., Church	87.55
Medford, Mass., Mission Circle	10.00
Monson, Mass., Church	36.00
Nashua, N. H., Mission Circle	5.00
North Hatley, Quebec, Church	11.00
Norwich, Conn., Sarah E. Woodworth	25.00
Norway, Maine, Church	15.54
Roxbury, Mass., Church	49.90
Sylvania, Pa., Fanny J. Sconten	5.00
Towanda, Pa., Lillian Stores	60.00
W. Hartford, Conn., Miss Harriet Foster Haness	5.00
Womelsdorf, Pa., Harry Briner	10.00
Winthrop, N. Y., Church	6.16
Wrentham, Mass., A Friend	10.00
Warwick, N. Y., Miss Susan Ackerman	5.00
	$654.12

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THE LATEST FROM THE EAST

A Cable Dispatch of Particular Interest to the Friends of Armenian Orphans

Athens, Feb. 27, 1923.

Vickrey, New York:

Recent events in the Near East have wrought enormous changes in situation of Near East Relief. New line-up brings altered responsibilities and new obligations. The expulsion of more than twenty thousand of our orphans from Anatolia has enforced the clearcut understanding that Near East Relief will retain the responsibility for these children in their new homes in Syria and Greece.

In many ways the situation to-day is more satisfactory than a year ago. The orphans from Anatolia are now on friendly soil where they can enjoy, both now and in the future, full rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and where they can be educated to man's estate with the certainty they will be permitted to become useful citizens of the world.

Many of the difficulties and handicaps of the old days in Anatolia have disappeared with this change of venue, and the money and effort spent on these orphans will unquestionably be a sound investment for the future. No longer can it be said that Near East Re ief is bringing up children to provide material for future Turkish massacres.

The situation in the Caucausus also gives ground for hope. Within the next year there is reason to believe there will be a rapid trend toward normalcy in Armenia and Georgia. O orphans there, some of whom are now approaching the age wh they can take their places as citizens, will perhaps be the mo important factor in the future of their country.

The refugee situation in Greece continues desperate. Amo Greece's million refugees are many thousand orphan childre whose plight should have constructive attention as soon as w have provided adequately for our own orphans from Anatoli No phase of Greece's refugee problem is so serious as the pligh of the children, many thousands of whom have already falle victims to epidemics, cold and exposure. No phase of the ref fee problem is more deserving of American sympathy and hel

Thus far Near East Relief has been able to make only sma beginnings in this direction, owing to the overwhelming proble of sheltering the tens of thousands whom we ourselves brough to safety following their expulsion by the Turks.

To-day, more than ever before, the future of the Near Eas ern countries seems to be in the hands of the children. Th most powerful single force towards regeneration and brothe hood will undoubtedly be our children brought up under Amer can ideals and Christian citizenship by Near East Relief.

We shall get much larger return for per capita investmen on our orphans in new homes here. For instance, new building at Syros are being constructed out of one year's saving in th cost of maintenance of the same children in Greece as compare with Anatolia. In Greece we shall have full sympathy an active support and co-operation of the Greek government an people, and there is every reason to believe we shall shortly hav in Greece the finest orphanage establishments in the history o the organization.

Fowle.

* * *

"DARWINISM, BRYANISM AND UNIVERSALISM"

The writer of the following letter to the Rev. George A Gay of Chattanooga, Tenn., is a prominent attorney in tha city and a member of the Congregational Church.

My dear Sir:

I have just finished reading your little brochure, "Dar winism, Bryanism and Universalism," which I found at Payne' bookstore this morning. This was a piece of work that wa crying to be done, and I congratulate you heartily upon you success in crowding so much into so small a space, and in go ing so directly to the heart of the whole controversy. I wish copy of it might be placed in the hands of any one who ha anything to do with religious leadership, and that his or he prejudices and prior assumptions might be put aside long enoug to allow its facts and its logic to have their legitimate effect.

No better work than this of yours could possibly be don just at this time. Bryan and the so-called Fundamentalist have the public ear, and their appeal is obviously to the grea multitude whose religious thinking goes no further than satis fying themselves that they have not crossed the boundarie defined by their own particular creeds. These leaders are dan gerous because they are so much in earnest. That their logi is faulty, their methods unfair, their theology outworn an discredited in the court of reason and scientific achievement— all these do not avail unless the truth can somehow reach thos whom they mislead. It is therefore a most pleasant duty t bid you Godspeed, and wish you all possible success. The op position are making a great deal of noise, but you may tak comfort in the knowledge that you express the sentiments those who think God is a gentleman and has common sens that true religion will never be in any real conflict with any fac in the universe; and that God's revelation of Himself did no close when the prophets and apostles of ancient times ceased t speak and write, but that He still finds His mouthpiece in th Prophets of our own time, and that every fact in the worl about us is in itself verily a part of the Word of God.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Charles W. Lusk.

Home and Children

TRUST THE GREAT ARTIST

Trust the Great Artist. He
Who paints the sky and sea
With shadowed blue, who clothes the land
In garb of green, and in the spring
Sets all earth blossoming—
He guides your destiny.

The magic hand
That colors dawn with flaming rose,
That ere the falling night,
For every soul's delight,
Pours out the streaming gold—
That hand too holds your life.

His grasp, amid the strife,
Would shape you to his will:
Let him his wish fulfill.
What though the testings irk,
Fret not: mar not his work.
Trust the Great Artist, he
Who made the earth and sea.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

* * *

WHY THE BEAR SLEEPS ALL WINTER

A LONG time ago little Brother Rabbit lived, quite sober and industrious, in the woods. In those days he never troubled his neighbors, nor meddled with their housekeeping, ıor played any tricks.

In the fall he gathered his acorns and his pig ıuts and his rabbit tobacco. On a frosty night he vould set out with Brother Fox for the fields, and vhile Brother Fox looked over the farmer's chicken-ʼard little Brother Rabbit picked cabbage and pulled :arrots and turnips and parsnips for his cellar. When :he cold and snow came, he never failed to share his ;tore with a traveling chipmunk or a wandering field nouse—oh, little Brother Rabbit was a very good ıeighbor indeed; but quite close by in the woods lived ›ld Bear.

Now old Bear was not content to mind his own ıousekeeping, and doze in the sun, and look for wild ıoney, and fish through the ice in the winter. He was 'ull of mischief and was always playing tricks. Of ıll the beasts in the wood the one he loved best to :rouble was sober little Brother Rabbit.

Just as soon as Brother Rabbit moved to a new tree root and filled his bins with vegetables and his pantry with salad, creepy, creepy, crawly, along would come old Bear and carry off the vegetables and tip ɔver the things on the pantry shelves. Just as soon as Brother Rabbit filled his house with nice dry leaves for a bed and hung his walls with moss for curtains, creepy, creepy, crawly, along would come old Bear and try to squeeze himself into the bed too, and of course he mussed it all up.

At last Brother Rabbit could endure it no longer, and he went to the other beasts of the forest to ask their advice.

The first he met was Brother Frog, sitting on the edge of a pool and sticking his feet in the nice cool mud.

"What shall I do, Brother Frog?" asked Brother Rabbit. "Old Bear will not leave me alone."

"Come along to Brother Squirrel," said Brother Frog.

So they went to the place where Brother Squirrel was cracking nuts in a hickory-tree.

"What shall we do, Brother Squirrel?" asked Brother Frog. "Old Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Come along to Brother Mole," said Brother Squirrel, dropping his nuts.

So they all went along to the place where Brother Mole was digging foundations for a new house, and they said:—

"What shall we do, Brother Mole? Old Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Come along to Brother Fox," said Brother Mole.

So they all went to the place where Brother Fox sat combing his brush behind a clump of bushes, and they said:—

"What shall we do, Brother Fox? Old Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Let us find old Bear," said Brother Fox.

So Brother Frog and Brother Squirrel and Brother Mole and Brother Fox all went along with Brother Rabbit; and they hunted and hunted and hunted for old Bear, but they could not find him. Then they hunted and hunted again, and at last they peeped in a hollow tree. There, inside, lay old Bear, fast asleep.

"Hush," said Brother Fox. Then he said to Brother Frog, "You fetch some mud;" and he said to Brother Squirrel, "You fetch some leaves;" and to Brother Mole he said, "You dig, Brother Mole;" to little Brother Rabbit, he said, "You stand ready to do what I tell you."

So Brother Frog brought mud, Brother Squirrel brought leaves, Brother Mole dug, and little Brother Rabbit stood ready.

Then Brother Fox said to little Brother Rabbit, "Stop up the ends of old Bear's log."

Brother Rabbit took the leaves and the dirt and the mud, and he filled up the ends of the log. He hammered them hard with his two back feet, which are very good for hammers; and they all went home, for they were quite, quite sure that old Bear would never be able to get out of that log.

Well, old Bear slept and slept; but after a while he awoke, and he opened one eye. He saw no sunshine, so he thought it must still be night, and he went to sleep once more.

After a few days he awoke again; but he heard the wind blowing outside, and he thought it must still be night, so he went to sleep.

After a few weeks old Bear awoke again; but he heard the snow and the sleet beating outside, and it was warm and dark inside.

"What a very long night this is," said old Bear, as he curled up his paws and turned over and went to sleep once more.

This time he just slept and slept until it began to be very warm inside the log, and he heard in his dreams the birds' footsteps outside.

He stretched himself and shook himself. He

rubbed his eyes with his paws, and he poked away the leaves and mud, and he went outside.

But was he not surprised? It had been a frosty night in the fall when he went to sleep, and now the woods were green with spring. Old Bear had slept all winter!

"That was a fine long sleep," said old Bear, as he set out for little Brother Rabbit's house to see if he had anything good for breakfast. "I shall have another long nap next fall."

So every summer old Bear plays tricks on little Brother Rabbit, but every fall he goes and creeps into a warm, dark place to sleep until spring, and so have his wild grandchildren and his great-grandchildren ever since.—*Southern Folk-tale in Kindergarten Review.*

* * *

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE SALOON?

Though there is the widest difference of opinion as to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, on one point the agreement seems to be general: the disappearance of the drinking saloon is widely acclaimed as a great social and economic gain. That this celebrated institution has gone out of existence all over the broad expanse of the United States is now apparent; this is the fact of general observation, yet the implications of this fact are not so generally grasped. A recent publication shows that 9,000 saloons in New York City have been extinguished in the last three years. Several do a fairly thriving business as dispensers of soft drinks, but the great mass have been changed into shoe-stores, book-shops, restaurants, and other headquarters of a genuine public service. "Buy shoes where you once bought beer" is a sign that really sums up much of the philosophy involved in the prohibition idea.

The change is not peculiar to New York; everywhere the property that once specialized exclusively in alcohol has now been restored to "trade." The great economic losses that were anticipated have not taken place. Prohibition arrived at a time of increased demand for business sites; the net result is that the billion dollars' worth of real estate that was once devoted to drinking purposes is paying larger return under its new uses.

This disappearance of the saloon is a fact that must be set against the stories that constantly fill the newspapers describing the violation of prohibitory laws by hotels, restaurants, and the miscellaneous operations of bootleggers. And it forms a tremendous offset. To what extent do these violations affect the masses, the wage-earners, the 35,000,000 people in the United States who figure in the census reports as people "engaged in gainful operations?" The great mass of these 35,000,000 earn comparatively small weekly stipends—about $20 a week would perhaps represent a fair average; for the most part they have families or others dependent upon them for support; in the old pre-prohibitory days this great proletariat represented the market of the saloons that have now disappeared. These millions are not the objectives of the bootlegger, the flashy hotel, the law-defying restaurant; they haven't the money to pay the high prices now demanded for contraband alcohol, and they are not readily accessible. The fact is that the evasions of the law affect chiefly the prosperous classes—a small minority of the population. That drinking is rapidly disappearing among the wage-earners is evident from the mass of evidence, every day accumulating in greater volume, showing the decrease in the arrests for drunkenness and other misdemeanors, the lessening population of jails and workhouses, the fewer demands now made for relief on charitable organizations, the fewer alcoholic patients entered in the public hospitals, and a thousand other signs.

The universal popularity of prohibition among retail tradesmen, who have profited from an increased business in dispensing the necessaries of existence, thus taking in the great sums formerly spent in intoxicating drinks, is testimony similarly conclusive.

Is it an injustice that the prosperous man can surreptitiously obtain his alcohol, while the working man can not satisfy h thirst so easily? This complaint is now a general one. From th legalistic point of view the injustice may be admitted; as a pra tical matter, however, the situation is a great public gain. Th remedy does not lie in restoring the saloon, and so giving th wage-earner back his drink; it lies in prosecuting the prese violators, and thus inspiring in them a wholesome respect for th laws of their country.—*World's Work.*

* * *

A NEW EXCUSE

(According to a paper read before the British Associatio "katergy" is a new word for the "tendency of energy to flo downhill to a lower level." It is exemplified in the "tugging of a apple on its stalk," the rusting of iron, and perhaps explain "why weeds supplant garden flowers in a neglected garden.")

I lie on my bed and reflect
  On Nature's inscrutable laws;
I examine the final effect
  And muse on its ultimate cause;
Why water pours into a cup,
  And steel into rust decomposes,
Why apples fall down and not up,
  And weeds are more frequent than roses.

When any one comes (what a nerve!)
  To ask if I call myself ill,
I reply, "Not at all; I observe
  How energy trickles downhill.
This tendency has, I believe,
  In me a distinguished example;
I have trickled, as you will perceive,
  To my bed, which is easeful and ample.

"And there I propose to remain,
  Fulfilling a natural law—
I am one with the sunshine and rain,
  The weed and the hip and the haw.
I mock at your maxims on sloth,
  Developed by doctors and clergy;
I can do very well without both,
  For I 'm simply a case of katergy!"

Lucio, in Manchester Guardian.

* * *

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

While income taxes burden our days it is some alleviation to be assured that the man of quiet and refined tastes—a description to which most successful men will own up—can dress properly for all ordinary occasions on $4,662 a year. The figure comes from the Custom Cutters' Club, which is about to hold a convocation in a stylish New York hotel. Unfortunately, no inspired linotype man, to use the late B. L. T.'s expression, failed to insert a decimal between the sixes or before the two. In fact "the estimate may mount indefinitely in the case of a man willing to sacrifice correctness and simplicity for ornateness." Somehow, 'willing" does not seem quite the word, but the context makes the meaning clear; the snappy variety man of the Frank Lyendecker type, or the man passionately addicted to polychrome cravats, and waistcoats printed in several colors and black, simply can not get by on $4,662.—*Boston Herald.*

* * *

FRESH

A middle-aged bachelor was in a restaurant at breakfas when he noticed this inscription on his egg:

"To Whom It May Concern: Should this meet the eye o some young man who desires to marry a farmer's daughter eighteen years of age, kindly communicate with ———."

After reading this he made haste to write to the girl, offering marriage, and in a few days received this note:

"Your note too late. I have been married five month to-day."—*Exchange.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

W ONE WOMAN FEELS ABOUT JOINING THE W. N. M. A.

's worth a new crisp dollar,
Just to feel that I belong
ith these forward-looking woman,
Now becoming such a throng.

young people such as Matsu
Are the fruits these dollars yield,
y church will gladly do her share
For home and foreign field.

G. A. V.

* *

'ERESTING THE UNINTERESTED

Iow to interest the uninterested" is shibboleth of the new era missionary ety. Its leaders are learning to apiate the psychology of using every it available to promote interest in the t cause of world-wide missions. The phone and automobile are now regisd as missionary tools, even though to this sounds a little like Mohammed's hod of dealing with the proverbial ntain. A specialist in methods reds us that, since eighty-five per cent ll we know comes through the eye, missionary meetings would never be if leaders would be more prodigal in e use of a certain "Pod of P's," and t out: Paper, Pasteboard, Paint, Pos- Printed notices, Poetry and *Pleasure!* n she adds: "The trouble is, so few of ver travel through the pod to the last hich actually ought to come first."

he necessity for developing the social of our missionary auxiliary was ght forcibly to the writer's attention day when she shook hands in the street a fellow church member and invited to attend the auxiliary society. "No," the answer, "missionary meetings are depressing!"

his startling reply was to me a chale! Could I meet it? Was it true that s president of that auxiliary, was so rcing the spiritual from the social that product was a more dead than alive nization? At once "gray matter" expended and an effort made to en- the meetings. Of course in every ety there are always a few who are to cherish back-number prejudices and e who have to do everything while rs have nothing to do, but we found after all it paid to have hostesses and ers, music and appeals to the dramatic inct.

Chinese dinner was given one evening, to raise money, but for the purpose of iring an interest in China. "Everyg Chinese" was our slogan. A Chinese provided the dinner. Invitations as as menu cards were decorated to look nese-y. Chinese china and chop-sticks, umes and decorations, all added to Oriental flavor. An after dinner entertainment supplied the missionary touch. It was gotten up by the young people who impersonated a Chinese wedding ceremony and a Chinese school of the old type contrasted with a modern missionary school. It was the first missionary meeting many had attended, and the memory of that evening in China still lingers in the hearts and minds of many in the community.

We recently read of a pastor's wife who realized that there were women in the church who would not attend the monthly missionary meeting, who would never know of the wonderful missionary opportunities and would never hear unless "something out of the ordinary" was done. She invited a gifted missionary to attend a reception with her and during a lull in the conversation led her to a place in the doorway where, all unexpectedly, while the guests pausd to listen, she gave one of her inspiring talks on Japan. (*From a publication of the W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church.*)

* *

IN GREAT DEMAND

In the book world the number of editions of any publication is the barometer which registers its popularity. The same is true of our W. N. M. A. literature. There has been such a constant demand for the poem, "He is a Man, My Brother," by Henry Nehemiah Dodge, that our first edition was soon exhausted. However, through the generosity of Dr. Dodge himself, another has been printed and we are now ready to send copies (without charge) to all who wish them.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

HONOR IN HER OWN COUNTRY

Columbus, Ohio.

Rev. Sara L. Stoner,
Prospect, Ohio.

Dear Mrs. Stoner:

At the mid-year meeting of the State Sunday School Board, meeting last Saturday, it was voted that the secretary should send greetings to you. The Ohio Sunday School Association is very proud that Ohio furnishes the Home Department Superintendent to the General Association. We love you and we honor you for the splendid work you are doing and we take this means of telling you so.

We hope to expand greatly the work of the Home Department this year.

Cordially yours,

Almira L. Cheney,
Secretary Ohio Sunday School Association.

* *

BOW A LITTLE LOWER

When you meet Carl Hempel, show him a little additional deference. He is now licensed as a Universalist minister. This does not mean that he expects to diminish in any way his excellent work at our First Church in Lynn.

* *

NEVER TOO YOUNG TO BEGIN

It is the spirit of helpfulness and the will to do that counts!

Mi s Thelma Weidner of Springboro, Ohio, only eleven years of age, is a Cradle Roll superintendent—just think of it, only eleven. She has two babies on her Cradle Roll and we hear that she is on the job every minute.

There are only three hundred and forty-one people in the town of Springboro, and of course the Universalists are only one of several denominations in the town, so you see that Thelma has made a very good beginning; and doubtless she will soon have three or four more little boys and girls added to her roll.

Have you a Cradle Roll in your Sunday school? If you haven't you surely have a girl of eleven years of age or older who is quietly waiting to do her bit toward making the Sunday school better.

Look around!

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THE WAY AT AKRON

Here's an idea. Almost everybody has a birthday now and then, though you'd little expect it sometimes from the way the contributions come (or do not come!) into the birthday boxes. So we've started to observe birthdays with a vengeance. The dates are recorded in the class-books. Each month the secretary goes through the books and posts the names of the folks with birthdays on a board in the Sunday school room. These are announced the Sundays previous to the birthdays. Then each month we have a different box. For February I made one with white crepe paper and an abundance of red hearts. I plan to write a little song each month to be sung as the person of honor places his gift in the box. This is the one for February:

St. Valentine was a good old man,
With a kindly heart and true.
May you always follow in his steps
Is our birthday wish for you.

With this plan we are to realize considerable money from birthdays this year, and a committee is now at work deciding just what we shall do with it. It seems very probable that it will go to Matsu or to some individual so that we can follow in tangible results the good that it does.

Ruth Owens.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

March 18. Stoughton, Mass.
March 25. Morning, Haverhill, Mass.

* *

GUS, NOT GLOOMY

I have just come from Danbury, and every time I come from there, I do it more reluctantly. For Danbury is one of the churches that I have fallen in love with on my travels, the kind I would like to marry and live with the rest of my days. And the reason in this case, and in others, is the folksiness of the folks who are in the church.

But there isn't any chance that I'll get a call there now, for Gus has gone there—not Gloomy Gus, but Gus Leining—and so far as my acquaintance goes there is no gloom in the Leining family. From the four-year-old girl who wears a yellow sweater to play in and a blue sweater when she is dressed up, through the rank and file of the standbys and on up to the Ancients and Honorables, everybody has taken to Gus Leining. In six months he has made a large place for himself both in the church and the community.

A ten-year-old Catholic lad, who has been in his gymnasium class, asked some one, "Is Mr. Leining the priest here?" I am not quite sure whether he is or not; but I do know that he is the minister, and that he ministers, and that the church is making steady progress under his leadership.

The Y. P. C. U. is going through the transition period to a younger group of workers, and doing it about as successfully as any Union I have seen. Since last fall, ten new members have been received, and there are six or eight more on the way. Of course some of the older ones have dropped out, it is one of the proper functions of the Union to lose members—into other departments of the work of the church. Danbury is doing that: indeed, a large part of the working force of the church is made up of people who were in the Y. P. C. U. ten or twenty or thirty years ago. Perhaps that is one reason I have fallen in love with this church.

* *

I DID NOT PLAY THE FOOL

I only had to arrange a lecture on short notice, telling the story of Channing Pollock's play, and present it to the evening congregation in the Bridgeport church. I supplied last Sunday for Hal Kearns, and less than an hour before the morning service I learned that the manuscript and the lantern slides for the lecture advertised for the evening had failed to arrive. If Burleson were still Postmaster General, we would know whom to blame. As it is, the delay was probably due to the railway shopmen's strike.

At any rate, the lecture had been advertised and it failed to arrive, and under the circumstances any good advertiser would offer something supposed to be the same or just as good. That is what I did—just like the street-car conductor who was asked by a passenger to let her off at Twelfth Street, and he said, "I am sorry, Madam, but this car does not go to Twelfth Street, but I can let you off twice at Sixth Street." That is about as close as I came to giving the lecture that was advertised, but the congregation submitted, and none of them left the church when I announced what was going to happen to them, nor during the operation.

Fortunately I had seen the play in Boston, and there was a copy of it available, which I took with me into the pulpit, so that, when I did not know what to say, I could read a few pages from the book.

So I did not play "The Fool," at least I do not admit that I did; I simply talked about it, and read a little of it to the good people of Bridgeport who came to see the pictures. The only one who confessed to being disappointed was a dear old lady who was deaf, but not blind.

Channing Pollock has done a worthwhile piece of work in writing "The Fool," and finding a producer who would give it a trial. On the train coming down from Danbury this morning, two ladies in the seat behind me were discussing it, and spoke of the fact that it had been almost a failure at first, and had received little or no favorable criticism, but after a few weeks it began "to get under the skin" of the public here in New York, and is having so successful a run that at least one other company has been organized to play in other cities, beginning in Boston.

The Boston critics, at least as far a my reading goes, have not been wildl enthusiastic in their praise, to say th least. And it is easy to pick flaws i one looks for them, in this play, or else where. There is not the subtlety of char acter portrayal that one might wish; th good people are very, very good, and th bad people are horrid; there are too few of the average kind of folks whose motive are such a mixture of good and bad tha neither they nor any one else can classify them. And that sort of thing alway produces melodrama, which is delightfu as such, but not as valuable a contribution to the solution of vexed problems a other methods of presenting a case.

Daniel Gilchrist is the assistant recto of the Church of the Nativity, and i thrown out because of his radical view on social questions. The outcome is hi entering upon a career of ministry amon the down-and-outs and other unfor tunates, and finding his happiness in s doing. Like "The Calling of Dan Mat thews," and some other stories, "Th Fool" gives an answer for only one man— and a much better answer than Harol Bell Wright gave.

Some time we are going to have great drama or story that will face thi insistent question of youth with idealisn and social passion facing a Church that i socially conservative, to say the least, an finding a way that will harness the powe and passion of the Church to the grea task of building in this world and to-da the Kingdom of Brotherly Love. It ca be done, and some one will find the way

Stanley Manning.

New York, March 6.

For the Quiet Hour

How sweet to know
The trials that we can not comprehend
Have each their own divinely purposed end.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live on as before—
On the earth the broken arc; in heaven a perfect round.

Browning.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle that fits them all.

O. W. Holmes.

He has prepared for every man as if every man were a multitude of guests. Where does God pinch and scrape? Where does He so economize that He has barely leaves enough to cover the nakedness of the plantation? If God had made a little place for us at a little table, and if He had said to us, Dear little one, I give you welcome, but you will observe that the whole economy of this house is administere upon principles of bareness and stint an almost grudging, and I want you to re spect the principles of poverty by whic my house is governed—there is no suc passage, there is no justification for suc a suspicion; the whole idea is plenteousness abundance, fatness, multitudes, millions the ends of the earth and all flesh.

Joseph Parker.

When, discouraged or desperate, we cr out for new light, let us try using the ligh that we have. Perhaps obedience to th old light is the only way we can find th new. Or we may find that the old lig is best. A Christian man who was pa tiently awaiting God's settlement of plan for his life-work wrote to a friend: "Yo asked, 'Have I any new light on my work' No—it is the same old light shining bright er than ever before." Such a man wi never lack for new light.

Selected.

Among Our Churches

Vermont and Quebec Letter

Meeting of the Convention.—In accordance with the instruction received at the last session, the plan of the annual conventions in Vermont and the Province of Quebec is to be pletely changed this year. Because are not so new fashioned as to have ed the mad rush of humanity and not yet gasping for time, we shall ease rather than lessen the length of Convention. It will open in Woodk on Wednesday evening, June 27, h a home gathering probably. The akers will be Vermonters and the sub- will be Vermont, where the speakers not from Quebec and the subject the vince. On Thursday morning an en- half session will be devoted to the erests of the Sunday school, and not y the best talent of the General Sunday hool Association but the best from out- e will be employed. Thursday aftern and evening will be devoted entirely the Woman's Missionary Association. Friday, all day, will be held the sessions the Vermont and Quebec Convention. Saturday, all day and evening, will be d the meeting of the Y. P. C. U. The ung people have been hollering lately t they were being ignored, though y didn't mean it, they just wanted to ller. But their bluff has been called, d they will be given the opportunity to t across the biggest, best attended conation they have ever held. On Sunday, ly 1, will be held what will be known as iversalist Day. Every Universalist urch within reaching distance of Woodck, and in these days of automobiles at means all over Vermont, will be asked close and to send its people to Woodck. The morning service will be a aight gospel service, with one sermon the ablest preacher we can find who ll dare to risk himself before a critical ermont audience. In the afternoon e shall gather around the old Perkins reen Mountain Liberal Institute at uth Woodstock for a mass meeting. e hope to bring about a reunion of former udents at this academy, many of whom e still living in Vermont, many of whom e scattered all over the country. Bedes these we shall ask every Universalist ho is proud of the position our early hurch held in the educational world, or ho ever knew of that literary group of ir ablest men and women which made its eadquarters at South Woodstock, to me in pilgrimage to this gathering. he church at Woodstock under the adership of Rev. Weston A. Cate is ready organizing for the entertainment of this Convention. The other churches in the town have already asked to be considered among the hosts of our Convention. The invitations to speakers have gone forward. We are looking forward to a great gathering. * * **Conference at Barre.**—We were not ashamed of our laymen and ministers who gathered at Barre on March 1 to meet Dr. Lowe for instruction as to the conducting of the Perin-Cate Home and Washington Memorial Church Campaign. They were in earnest and they were not afraid to ask questions. Most of them were converted to the plan and went home enthusiastic. Under the guidance of Rev. W. H. Skeels, the Barre parish made ample provision for the entertainment of those who stayed over night. Practically every minister whose parish was located so that he could solve the transportation problem without four days travel, was present and almost every one had a layman with him. The women of the Barre church served one of their famous banquets and the men of the Barre parish came in to help dispose of it and to listen to Dr. Lowe. The Goddard Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Bettie Brown and with the assistance of Miss Mary Lease, helped greatly in the evening's entertainment. The affair was all right. * * **Chester Depot.**—The parish, which has been having the services of Dr. George W. Perry during the winter, regrets that Dr. Perry must take up his summer work after Easter. The parish will continue to have preaching, however. It is also planning for extensive repairs on the church building during the spring. * * **Huntingville, P. Q.**—In the death of Miss Charlotte Hunting, this parish has lost the physical presence of a lifetime devoted and consecrated member. "Charlotte's house" was always the home of visiting ministers, and many of the resident ministers found a home there throughout their entire pastorates. It seems particularly fitting that Miss Hunting should have bequeathed this house to the parish, to be used as a parsonage or to be sold for the interest of the parish if the people considered that the better way. She also left a small fund for the benefit of the parish. To those of the older ministers who have taken part in the former "protracted meetings" which were once held in Huntingville, extending over a period of two or three days, it will seem as if two landmarks had gone in the passing of John Mallory, son of the founder of the Huntingville parish, and of Charlotte Hunting, a member of that family for whom the little village is named. * * **Bethel.**—This parish has waked up. For a long time it has had the consecrated services of Rev. W. C. Harvey and it has appreciated them. Every person in the town, of our church or of any or no church, knows and loves Mr. Harvey. But the parish has somehow failed to realize that it was gaining the services of Mr. Harvey at a price not consistent with the salaries other parishes were paying. He didn't ask for more and he didn't go out seeking for more. He stayed on the job. The consciousness has come to the people and a substantial increase in salary, the largest ever paid in the more than one hundred years of the parish existence, has been voted. * * **Morrisville.**—This parish again takes a foremost position in the acceptance of modern methods of parish work by the introduction of a moving picture machine. The machine, made possible by the generous contribution of Mr. C. H. A. Stafford and the indefatiable efforts of Miss Elizabeth Barrows, is being used for the Sunday evening meetings of the young people, enriching the regular Y. P. C. U. service and bringing about a healthful but not spectacular increase of audience. * * **Ludlow.**—Mention has already been made of the passing of Mr. Arthur G. Spaulding of the Ludlow parish. But particular mention should be made in this place of the faithfulness of Mr. Spaulding in those places where it is all too difficult to secure men workers. Although he was in a position to contribute as generously to the financial welfare of the parish as is given to most men, he did not consider his duty done with this. Always present in the Sunday school and in the choir, always ready to take his place on the board of trustees, always ready to do his part in the actual work of the parish, he will leave a place which it will be difficult to fill. * * **St. Albans.**—The Universalist Convention will be beneficiary of a small fund from the estate of Miss Emily Greene of St. Albans, who has recently passed away. It has been many years since Miss Greene has been able to take any active part in church work. As long ago as the Superintendent's pastorate at St. Albans in 1908 she was a confirmed invalid. But the Greene family is not made of the stuff that forgets. It has been foremost in the history of Universalism in St. Albans and, previous to the Universalist movement there, in other places round about. There is always some member of the family high in the councils of the Universalist church at St. Albans and often more than one. And wherever there is a member of this family there is a Universalist church if there isn't but one member. * * **Maple Sugar Time.**—Before this letter reaches you it will be maple sugar time in Vermont.

George F. Fortier.

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DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

March 21. Public Meeting W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts, at Orange.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

The Concord (N. H.) *Monitor* says, editorially: "Fortunate is the religious denomination possessing such leaders as the Rev. Dr. John Smith Lowe, this week's speaker before the Universalist Men's Club."

Rev. William J. Metz, after four and a half years as pastor of the Lockport-Olcott, N. Y., circuit, has presented his resignation, to take effect May 15. He has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Perry, N. Y., church, succeeding Rev. Clara Morgan, who after a pastorate of nearly seventeen years has gone to Hornell, N. Y.

California

Santa Paula.—Rev. Frank Lincoln Masseck, pastor. One of the stated events in this parish is the annual homecoming on the date of the anniversary of the organization of the Church, the first Sunday in March. This year 117 friends gathered from near and far, for the morning service, followed by picnic dinner. Letters were read from former pastors and old friends. A telegram came from Superintendent Lowe. The offering of the day amounted to over $300 and will be devoted to the pipe organ, which will soon be purchased.

Florida

Tarpon Springs.—Rev. Louis J. Richards, pastor. The church is having a very successful season. The high order of the services has been creating an interest which has grown Sunday by Sunday. We have been especially favored by special services the past two or three weeks. On Sunday, Feb. 18, Dr. F. B. Bishop, Southern Superintendent, from Atlanta, Ga., preached to a large audience, every seat being taken. On Sunday, Feb. 25, Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson of Worcester, Mass., preached to an equally large and appreciative audience. Special music was provided for the occasion, and with the lights turned on the three beautiful Inness paintings filling the space at the rear of the chancel, the effect was, as Dr. Tomlinson said, "inspirational." On Monday and Tuesday evenings following, Rev. George A. Gay of Chattanooga, Tenn., preached and sang, the large audience on Monday night, and larger on Tuesday, testifying to the interest in Mr. Gay's message and appreciation of his splendid singing. Mr. Richards has planned other special services to follow, and with the interest now manifest, the condition of this little church is about as good as could be expected from the material to draw from, and the future looks very bright.

Illinois

Chicago, Redeemer.—Rev. L. B. Fisher, D. D., pastor. Rev. Frederic W. Millar, the assistant minister of this church, is giving a series of lectures on the Sunday evenings in March as follows: March 4, "The Greatest Thing in Life." March 11, "Believe in Yourself." March 18, "Who Wins?" March 25, "The Law of Suggestion."

Indiana

Indianapolis.—Rev. Edwin Cunningham, pastor. Since the first of the year four new members have been received into the church. The Calendar Club Alliance is a new organization for women; its aim is to promote the church fair. Mrs. Ida Strupe is president, Mrs. Chas. Woodcock secretary.

Massachusetts

Franklin.—Rev. R. K. Marvin, D. D., pastor. On the first Sunday in February Dr. Marvin began his nineteenth year as pastor of Grace Church. His Lenten sermons are on the general theme, Four Types of Personality, the specific topics being the Intellectual, the Emotional, the Sacrificial (Palm Sunday) and the Immortal (Easter). He was the speaker at the evening session of the Rhode Island Conference held Feb. 14 at the Church of the Mediator, Providence. Dr. Marvin is writing a pageant for the Alden Club's twenty-fifth anniversary, the local woman's civic club. This is the fifth pageant he has written for town and Dean Academy celebrations.

New York

Middleport.—Rev. E. H. Carritt, pastor. The Lenten season is being observed with sermons on Universalism, the pastor taking the five principles of our faith as his subject. On Feb. 25 we had the pleasure of having V. L. Bowman, a representative of a New York motion picture company, give a series of films depicting the Creation, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, and Cain and Abel. The Sunday school held a sleigh-ride party, returning to the parsonage for refreshments. Mrs. Carritt gave the third lecture on Historic Ornament, this one being on Roman Architecture. The Missionary Society held a food sale March 3, and the total receipts to date are $49.15. On Tuesday evening, March 6, we had the great pleasure of having with us Miss Susan M. Andrews, who is making a tour of New York state.

Rochester.—Rev. William Wallace Rose, pastor. Last September Mr. Rose gave an address to the Kiwanis Club of Buffalo. He has since given that same address at four other gatherings—all in Buffalo. As chairman of the executive committee of the Juvenile Delinquency Survey, the pastor called for a clean-up at Sea Breeze Park. A community club at Sea Breeze village has seconded his motion and asked him to confer with them in April on ways and means.

Rhode Island

Harrisville.—Rev. Arthur M. Soule, pa tor. In spite of the great amount sickness in the community during the pa six weeks, the average attendance at se vices has not varied from the normal fi ures established during the fall. M Soule is laboring to create a strong chur spirit through the villages composing ou constituency and is getting results. Th Sunday school, which had discontinu its sessions, was revived during the fa starting with but a handful, and now ha an average attendance of thirty-two. Th graded system of lessons with promoti requirements has been introduced ar is proving of interest to the young peopl Our Ladies' Aid Society has activiti every month, and the ladies are pro ing, as always, the strong right arm the church. Plans are now under wa for Easter, when it is expected that sever additions to the church membershi will be made, especially from the ranks the young people. Thursday evenin March 8, at the Stillwater House (th community house), a party was held i honor of one of our young couples, M and Mrs. Wm. K. Viall. Mr. and Mr Viall have been earnest and devoted a tendants of our church during the pa year, and Mrs. Viall has been the vic president of the "Up and Coming Class in the Sunday school. Mr. and Mr Viall are locating in Los Angeles, Cal where he is to take up business. A d lightful social evening was enjoyed. Whi and dancing held the interest of th company, which was composed of men bers of the parish, Ladies' Aid, and th Sunday school. Refreshments were serve and a gift presented Mr. and Mrs. Via in token of the appreciation in whic they are held.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED I 1923

Previously reported	4
Indianapolis, Ind.	
Total	4

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SPECIAL PALM SUNDAY SERVIC

A distinctive service which has take an important place in the Lenten ob servances of Greater Boston Universalis is the annual Palm Sunday Cantata the First Universalist Church in Can bridge.

The idea was conceived by the music directors of the Cambridge church, Fran P. Stanton and C. Sidney Stanton, to hold community choral vesper service on Pal Sunday, in the afternoon, when all co attend regardless of church affiliatio The regular choir was augmented wi the best voices obtainable, from neig boring churches, and from the lar choral organizations of Boston such the Handel and Haydn. Extreme ca was taken to secure soloists, not on

or their individual ability, but for their itness to interpret the deep feeling and pathos which characterizes Maunder's masterful canata "From Olivet to Calvary"—the work chosen for that service.

The idea was well received and music overs came from many surrounding cities to hear this unusual group of singers. Beginning with a small attendance of three or four hundred, the interest has rapidly increased, and last year the church, which seats nearly a thousand people, was filled to capacity.

The outstanding feature of the choir of the First Universalist Church is the fact that it is organized chiefly among the young people and contains no paid singers whatever. In its development during the last few years it has not only collected the best musical talent of the church, but it has also drawn in non-church members and even members of other denominations who believed strongly in the volunteer choir principle, and were anxious to assist in something of this nature. The net result has been an enthusiastic group of singers, which has not only made the Sunday service a thing of beauty and reverence, but has entered into the other activities of the church. Last fall the First Universalist Church celebrated its hundredth anniversary, and the special music prepared for this occasion was broadcast from W. G. I. A radio receiving set with amplifiers was installed in the auditorium at that time, and the public was invited to the church to "listen in." As a result of this the choir has accepted an invitation from the broadcasting station to put on a secular concert, consisting of selections by the chorus and male quartette, vocal and instrumental solos, numbers by the mandolin club, and readings.

Meantime the work on "Olivet to Calvary" for Palm Sunday is progressing rapidly. Mr. Rulon Y. Robison has been engaged as tenor soloist. Mr. Robison was for two years the leading tenor for the English Opera Company in Boston, and at that time earned much praise for his sympathetic interpretations. At the present time he is engaged in concert work and special services of this nature. The Palm Sunday service this year comes on March 25, at 4 p. m. A general invitation is extended to all Universalists to attend.

G. Sidney Stanton.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND THE WASHINGTON CHURCH

Universalists in this state ought to be especially interested in the magnificent Memorial Church which the denomination is to erect in Washington, D. C., because its site has been chosen on New Hampshire Avenue in the national Capital. New Hampshire Avenue is one of the most beautiful streets in Washington, or in the country, for that matter, as every one knows who has visited the Capital City. Those who have not done so can look in the current issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* and catch a glimpse of it as an illustration of the article by Kenneth Roberts on the "charm" of Washington.—*Concord (N. H.) Monitor.*

* *

DEATH OF REV. CHARLOTTE PORTER

Rev. Charlotte Porter died in the Chapin Home, Jamaica, N. Y., Saturday, March 3, at the age of ninety-six. Burial was in Brooklyn, Penn.

* *

Notices

PUBLIC MEETING

W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts

The Woman's Missionary Society of Massachusetts will hold a Public Meeting at Orange, Wednesday, March 21, 1923.

Morning session, 10.15 a. m. Mrs. E. E. Ellis, district vice-president, presiding. "The Aim and Work of the Missionary Society," Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, State Chaplain. Vocal solo, "My task." "Clara Barton, the Angel of the Battlefield," Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Berry. "Here Am I, Send Me." A period under the auspices of the State Literature Department. Mrs. Nellie C. Wadleigh.

Luncheon, fifty cents. Luncheon speaker, Rev. Francis W. Gibbs.

Afternoon session, 2 p. m. Miss Grace F. White, state president, presiding. Devotional period, Rev. A. A. Blair. "Greater India, or India Within and Outside," Mr. Satyananda Roy. Vocal solo, "The Spirit of God." "The Lippincott Square Church Coup," playlet presented by the Orange Mission Circle.

Trains—Boston to Orange, a. m., 6.25, arriving 10.00; 8.45, arriving 11.52.

Orange to Boston, p. m., 1.30, arriving 4; 4.14, arriving 6.40; 6.48, arriving 9.45.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Transfers have been granted to W. H. Gould to Maine and A. N. Foster and R. H. McLaughlin to Connecticut.

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

The thirteenth meeting of the National Federation of Religious Liberals will be held in Baltimore, Md., March 23-25, with the following program:

March 23, Friends' Meeting House, Park Ave. and Laurens St. 2 p. m. Business meeting. 3 p. m. Opening Prayer, Rabbi Harvey E. Wessel, Baltimore. Greeting, Dr. O. Edward Janney, Baltimore. Paper, "The Permanent Significance of Miracles," Prof. C. Sturgis Ball, Baltimore. Paper, "The Bible's Appeal to Conscience," Prof. R. P. Doughtery, Goucher College, Baltimore.

8 p. m. Eutaw Place Temple, Eutaw Place and Lanvale Street. Regular Synagogue Service. Address, "What Is Fundamental?" Prof. Jesse H. Holmes, president of the Federation. Informal Reception after meeting.

March 24, First Unitarian Church, Franklin and Charles Sts. 2 p. m. Election of officers. 3 p. m. Paper, "Unity Among Liberals." Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, Philadelphia. Address, "A Working Federation of Religious Liberals," Rev. S. G. Dunham, Providence, R. I.

8 p. m. Public Meeting, First Unitarian Church. Address, "The True Principle of Religious Fellowship," Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president American Unitarian Association, Boston.

March 25. 11 a. m. Divine Services at all local churches participating in the Conference.

3.30 p. m. Ford's Theater—Large Interdenominational service. Presiding, Prof. Jesse H. Holmes, Swarthmore. Subjects for Discussion: "The Liberal Religious Attitude and the Solution of the World Problem." As Applied to Racial Antagonisms, Dr. J. O. Spencer, Morgan College. As Applied to Denominational Differences, Rev. Harry F. Burns, Baltimore. As Applied to Civic Righteousness, Dr. Wm. Rosenau, Baltimore. As Applied to Industrial Conflicts, Rabbi Morris Lazaron, Baltimore. As Applied to the Establishment of World Peace, Dr. O. Edward Janney, Baltimore.

8 p. m. Mass Meeting, Madison Avenue Temple, Madison Ave. and Robert St. Address, "The Meaning of Christianity," Dr. Arthur C. McGiffert, Union Theological Seminary, New York. Address, "The Function of the Liberal Movement," Dr. Abram Simon, Washington.

* *

PROVIDENCE 1923 CONVENTION

The Board of Trustees, through its chairman, has appointed the following as a general Committee of Arrangements for the next session of the Convention to be held in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24-28, 1923: President Roger S. Galer, Rev. Henry R. Rose, D. D., and Secretary Roger F. Etz, with representatives from Providence to be added.

Suggestions to be considered by the Committee will be welcomed. Send correspondence to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* *

Married

Safford-Levenseller.—In Dexter, Maine, Feb. 21, by Rev. B. F. McIntire, Louis Harold Safford and Ruby Weymouth Levenseller, both of Dexter.

McClure-Esler.—In Dexter, Maine, Feb. 25, by Rev. B. F. McIntire, Ray Edward McClure of Garland, Maine, and Helen Rose Esler of Sangerville, Maine.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Lydia A. Andrews

Mrs. Lydia A. (Haynes), widow of Lorenzo Andrews, was born in Sudbury, Mass., Sept. 1, 1831, died at her home in West Acton, Mass., Feb. 26, 1923. She had lived in the house in which she died about forty-six years. Her husband and son, her only child, had preceded her by many years. She had always been active in the Universalist church of West Acton, of which she had been a member for a great many years, till last November, when she attended services for the last time. She has been tenderly cared for during the last years of her long and useful life by her nephew, Henry L. Haynes, and wife, who made her latter days full of joy and peace. Funeral services were held at the house Wednesday, Rev. C. L. Paddock, her pastor, officiating.

Mrs. Theron F. Newton

Mrs. Anna Ardella (Tuttle) second daughter of James and Eliza (Jones) Tuttle, was born in Acton, Mass., July 10, 1853. She married Theron F. Newton Dec. 11, 1873, and died at her home in South Acton, Mass., Feb. 25, 1923. There was born of this union one daughter, Bertha, wife of Arthur S. Lowden. Besides the husband and daughter, one sister, Mrs. Charles Henry Fairbanks, survives.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary Dec. 11 last. Mrs. Newton was a life-long Universalist, a member for many years of the First Universalist Church of South Acton, and active in all its work, a member of the Ladies' Social and the Mission Circles, which she loved and where she served as long as strength was vouchsafed her. She will be greatly missed in all the activities of the church and town. A devoted wife, a loving mother, a kind neighbor, a generous friend. Her funeral was held at the home Wednesday afternoon, Rev. C. L. Paddock, pastor of the church, officiating.

Mrs. Reuben W. Ropes

Grace Austin (Tuttle), wife of Reuben W. Ropes, of Salem, Mass., "went home" Sunday, Feb. 25. Possessed of an exceptionally well trained and keen mind, gracious, intensely loyal, and greatly interested in church and philanthropies, she filled a large place in the community life. At the time of her death she was president of the local Mission Circle,

and director of both the Children's Home and the Woman's Friend Society; she also served for two terms on the Board of the Massachusetts W. U. M. S.

Her greatest interest and most pronounced success was in the home, as a home-maker, wife and mother. She received all who came to her door with gracious hospitality, and they departed with her blessing. Besides her husband, she leaves four children, Lawrence, Esther, Marion—in Smith College—and Austin—a freshman in Tufts. Her years were comparatively few, but she lived a full, rich and blessed life. Her funeral was conducted by her pastor, Rev. U. S. Milburn, Feb. 28.

D. F. Ogsbury

Mr. D. F. Ogsbury died in Mitchellville, Iowa, Feb. 25, at the age of ninety-two. Brief services were held at the home of his daughter, Mrs. O. G. Colegrove, Monday afternoon, Mr. Colegrove officiating, and the burial was at Morrison, Illinois.

Mr. Ogsbury was born in Albany County, N. Y., where he spent his boyhood. He was married to Julia Barrows in April, 1854. In 1861 they moved to Illinois, where they resided until her death in 1904. Both were pioneer prohibition and woman suffrage workers forty-five years ago. He joined the Universalist Church at Greenville, Ohio, when he was past eighty years of age.

The surviving children are Mr. G. B. Ogsbury, Lenore, Idaho, Mrs. W. J. Robertson, Morrison, Illinois, Mrs. O. G. Colegrove, Mitchellville, Iowa, and Stanton C. Ogsbury, Boise, Idaho. He also leaves nine grandchildren.

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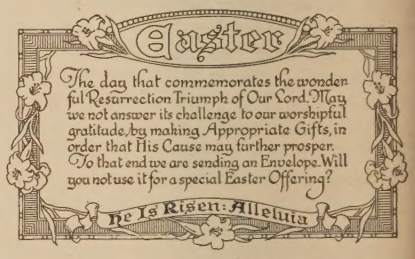

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Doctor: "That, my dear sir, is just what we are about to discover."—*London Opinion.*

* *

Helen had been brought up in a Congregational minister's family and had always attended her father's church. When the family happened to be visiting relatives who were Episcopalians, the subject of going to church came up during the conversation at the dinner table Saturday night, and the family was invited to attend the Episcopal church. Helen begged her father to accept, but he replied that he guessed they had better go to their own church.

"Oh, papa," said the little girl, "if you'll only let me go, I'll promise not to believe one word they say."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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Gentleman Crook: "Pardon me, sir, but haven't I held you up before?"

Weary Victim: "Well, the gun looks familiar, but I've forgotten the face."—*Octopus.*

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Smith got married. The evening of his first pay-day he gave his bride $14 of the $15 salary and kept only $1 for himself.

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"Why, John," she cried, in injured tones, "how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"I'll admit I don't know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."—*Topeka State Journal.*

* *

Proud Woman: "I do not see, Alice, how you can think of marrying into such a commonplace family."

Romantic Daughter: "I am not going to marry into his family; he is going to marry into ours."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

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